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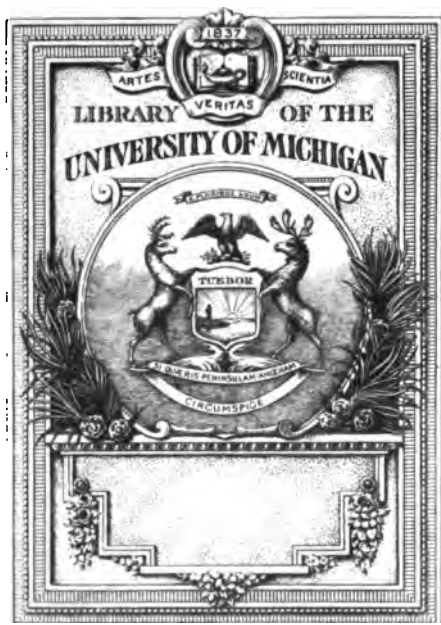
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The Irish Poems
of
Alfred Perceval Graves.

Countryside Songs
Songs and Ballads



020

G77:

v.2

THE IRISH POEMS OF
ALFRED PERCEVAL
GRAVES

THE IRISH POEMS OF ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES



COUNTRYSIDE SONGS
SONGS AND BALLADS

DUBLIN : MAUNSEL & COMPANY, LIMITED
NEW YORK : THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1908



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Wahr
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PREFACE

THOMAS MOORE's best work was written under the influence of Irish airs which he brought over with him to England, or which followed him there when his *Melodies* had taken all hearts by storm. But Moore wrote professedly for the upper classes, and but once only in Anglo-Irish dialect. And small wonder. The vulgarities of Stage Irish Songs doubtless determined him to set his face against any form of lyric that could suggest them. But Samuel Lover, who followed him, boldly accepted Lady Morgan's challenge to find worthy substitutes for the execrable travesties of native humour contained in the Irish Popular Songs of their day with the results now so wellknown.

Yet though Lover, like Moore, was largely inspired by Irish Music and an adapter and singer of Irish airs as well, like Moore also, he let the great body of Gaelic Folk Song quite alone.

If, as suggested by Dr. Hyde in his friendly introduction to my first volume, I have entered into this newly-opened lyrical field with success, it has been because I have not only had an Irish Countryside up-bringing and the advantage, therefore, of constantly having in my ears that translation into English of Irish idioms which renders the speech of the

Kerry peasant so peculiarly poignant and picturesque, but because, in such works as Dr. Hyde's own delightful "Love Songs of Connacht," and Edward Walsh's, Sir Samuel Ferguson's, Mangan's, and Sigerson's translations and adaptations from the Irish, I have also had before me the best published examples of the Poetry of the Western Gael to ponder and to profit by. Moreover, since Moore's time there have been great gatherings of Irish Folk Songs by Petrie, Joyce, and others of a kind so illustrative of the inner life of the Countryside as to give the greatest assistance to an Irish lyrical writer.

For if, as I have said before, my songs, from "Father O'Flynn" down to "The Exiles," have found favour, it is because they owe their prime impulse to the music of the old Irish airs. That music I danced and sang to as a boy; it has haunted me through life, and I look to its inexhaustible freshness as one of the dearest solaces of age.

I have had not a few heart searchings as to the spelling of my poems in Hiberno-English, and the introduction into them of unusual words without explanation.

My friends of the Gaelic League may, perhaps, find fault with me on the former score; my non-Irish acquaintances may grumble with me on the latter.

But by those who will take the trouble to examine into these matters it will be found that my spelling has been carefully adapted to suit the exigencies suggested by rustic or romantic themes, and that, after all, a glossary would not

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be a more appropriate close to a book of Irish Poems than to a Scotch Novel. I have endeavoured as far as possible to indicate the meaning of strange words by their place in the context. Where I have not succeeded in this, will my readers oblige me by asking their Irish friends for necessary explanations?

I desire, finally, to thank Messrs. Boosey and Novello for the use of many of the songs in this collection, and in case that there should be a desire to possess any of them in musical form I have to call attention to the lyrics marked in the Contents, with particulars of the musical publications in which they appear.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

RED BRANCH HOUSE,
LAURISTON ROAD, WIMBLEDON,
July 22nd, 1908.

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COUNTRYSIDE SONGS

VOL. II.

A

COUNTRYSIDE CHARACTERS

FATHER O'FLYNN

Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
Far renowned for larnin' and piety ;
Still, I'd advance you, widout impropriety,
Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

CHORUS

*Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainté, and slainté, and slainté agin ;
Powerfullest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.*

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,
Dad and the divels and all at Divinity,
Father O'Flynn 'd make hares of them all.
Come, I vinture to give you my word,
Never the likes of his logic was heard,
Down from Mythology
Into Thayology,
Troth ! and Conchology, if he'd the call.

Counterside Songs

CHORUS

*Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainté and slainté, and slainté agin ;
Powerfullest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.*

Och ! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way wid you,
All the ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,
You've such a way wid you, Father avick !
Still, for all you've so gentle a soul,
Gad, you've your flock in the grandest conthroul ;
Checking the crazy ones,
Coaxin' onaisy ones,
Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick.

CHORUS

*Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainté, and slainté, and slainté agin ;
Powerfullest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.*

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
Still at all seasons of innocent jollity,
Where was the play-boy could claim an equality
At comicality Father, w'd you ?

Countryside Characters

Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
Till this remark set him off wid the rest :

“ Is it lave gaiety
All to the laity ?
Cannot the clargy be Irishmen too ? ”

CHORUS

*Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainté, and slainté, and slainté agin ;
Powerfullest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.*

O'FARRELL, THE FIDDLER

Now, thin, what has become
Of Thady O'Farrell ?
The honest poor man,
What's delayin' him, why ?
O, the thrush should be dumb,
And the lark cease to carol,
Whin his music began
To comether the sky.

Three summers have gone
Since we've missed you, O'Farrell
From the weddin' and patron
And fair on the green.

Countryside Songs

In an hour to St. John
We'll light up the tar-barrel,
But ourselves we're not flatter'n'
That thin you'll be seen.

O, Thady, we've watched
And we've waited for ever
To see your ould self
Steppin' into the town—
Wid your corduroys patched
So clane and so clever,
And the pride of a Guelph
In your smile or your frown—

Till some one used say,
“Here's Thady O'Farrell ;”
And “God bless the good man !
Let's go meet him,” we cried ;
And wid this from their play,
And wid that from their quarrel,
All the little ones ran
To be first at your side.

Soon amongst us you'd stand,
Wid the ould people's blessin',
As they leant from the door
To look out at you pass ;
Wid the colleen's kiss-hand,
And the childer's caressin',
And the boys fightin', sure,
Which'd stand your first glass.

Countryside Characters

Thin you'd give us the news
Out of Cork and Killarney—
Had O'Shea married yet ?—
Was ould Mack still at work ?—
Shine's political views—
Barry's last bit of blarney—
And the boys you had met
On their way to New York.

And whin, from the sight
Of our say-frontin' village,
The far frownin' Blasquet
Stole into the shade,
And the warnin' of night
Called up from the tillage
The girl wid her basket,
The boy wid his spade—

By the glowin' turf-fire,
Or the harvest moon's glory,
In the close-crowded ring
That around you we made,
We'd no other desire
Than your heart-thrillin' story,
Or the song that you'd sing,
Or the tune that you played.

Till you'd ax, wid a leap
From your seat in the middle,
And a shuffle and slide
Of your foot on the floor,

Countryside Songs

“Will we try a jig-step,
Boys and girls, to the fiddle ? ”
“Faugh a ballagh,” we cried,
“For a jig to be sure.”

For whinever you'd start
Jig or planxty so merry,
Wid their caperin' twirls
And their rollickin' runs,
Where's the heel or the heart
In the Kingdom of Kerry
Of the boys and the girls
Wasn't wid you at once ?

So you'd tune wid a sound
That arose as delightin'
As our own colleen's voice,
So sweet and so clear,
As she coily wint round,
Wid a curtsey invitin'
The best of the boys
For the fun to prepare.

For a minute or so,
Till the couples were ready,
On your shoulder and chin
The fiddle lay quiet ;
Then down came your bow
So quick and so steady,
And away we *should* spin
To the left or the right !

Countryside Characters

Thin how Micky Dease
 Forged steps was a wonder,
And well might our women
 Of Roseen be proud—
Such a face, such a grace,
 And her darlin' feet under,
Like two swallows skimmin'
 The skirts of a cloud.

Thin, Thady, ochone !
 Come back, for widout you
We are never as gay
 As we were in the past !

* * * *

O, Thady, mavrone,
 Why, thin, I wouldn't doubt you.
Huzzah ! boys, huzzah !
 Here's O'Farrell at last !

BAT OF THE BRIDGE

On the Bridge of Dereen,
 Away up by Killarney,
You'll be sure to be seein'
 Poor Batsy O'Kearney,
A big stick in the air
 So lazily swingin',

Countryside Songs

Smokin' and jokin'
And carelessly singin'
Some snatch of a song,
Out over the river,
As it rushes along
For iver and iver
To the Bay of Kenmare.

Six foot six
Is the fix
Of his height,
Honour bright !
Forty-eight the diminsion
Round his ribs by my inchin' ;
It's murther to say
Such a man's thrun away !

He's the last to delay
And the earliest comer
On the bridge by the bay,
Winter and summer.
Do you question why so ?
What keeps him for iver
Smokin' and jokin'
And out on the river,
That rushes below,
Serenadin' so gaily ?
'Twas the cowardly blow
Of a tinker's shillelagh
Left the proper man so.

Countryside Characters

But you're wonderin', why,
How at all it could happen
Such a broth of a boy
Got the scandalous rappin'.
'Twas September fair day,
And the Adragole faction
Wid Dereen for the green
And the bridge were in action ;
And from off the bridge road,
Wid his cudgel so clever,
Bat was leatherin' a load
Of Cork men for ever,
Just as if it was play.

When up from beneath,
Still further and further,
Houldin' tight in his teeth
A stick that was murther,
That black tinker stole,
By the ivy boughs clingin',
On the edge of the bridge
The knees softly swingin' ;
And, unknownst at his back,
From the wall of the river
Fetched O'Kearney a crack
That left him for iver
Wid a poor, puzzled poll.

Did he fall ? Not at all !
But he picked off that tinker

Countryside Songs

Like a snail from the wall
And before you could think or
Rebate your own name,
Cot the stick from the ruffi'n,
Knocked him dead on the head,
And widout shroud or coffin
Tossed him into the tide.
And his black corpse for ever
From Ireland should glide,
For her good soil could never
Cover up such a shame.

Thin backward agin
Wid a bitter screech flyin'
On the Adragole men,
Just as they were cryin'
"The bridge is our own"—
In their thick, like a flail, he
Swung, till it sung,
The tinker's shillelagh ;
So that staggerin' down,
Broken and batthered,
Out of the town
All Adragole scathered
Before Batsy alone.

Ever since which
Poor Bat's only iday
Is to sit on the bridge,
Wet day or dry day,

Countryside Characters

Wid that stick in his fist ;
And no tinkerin' fellas
Dare to come there
Wid their pots and their bellas,
And all Adragole
Takes the ford down the river,
For fear that the fool
On the bridge end for iver
Should give them a twist.

So he's come by a name,
The English of which, Sir,
Translatin' that same,
Is "Bat of the Bridge," Sir.
But the hour's growin' late ;
Good-night and safe journey !
It's afloat in your boat
You should be, Doctor Corney.
By myself, now, bad scan
To the tribe of the tinkers !
For they've left a good man,
Like a horse widout blinkers,
All bothered and bate.

Six foot six
Is the height
Of poor Batsy to-night,
Forty-eight the diminsion
Round his ribs by my inchin',
It's murther to say
Such a man's thrun away !

Counterside Songs

RODDY MOR, THE ROVER

Of all the roaming Jacks that yet to Farranfore kem over
As paramount I'd surely count ould Roddy Mor, the
Rover ;

Wid steeple hat and stiff cravat and nate nankeen knee
breeches,

And on his back a pedlar's pack just rowlin' o'er wid riches.

For so it was when o'er the hill his coat-tails they'd come
flyin',

The sharpest tongue of all was still, the crosslest child quit
cryin',

Ould women even left their tay, ould men their glass of
toddy,

An', spoon in hand, a welcome grand would wave and
wave to Roddy.

An' when his treasure he'd unlade in view of all the
village,

In from her milkin' ran the maid, the boy from out the
tillage,

The while the rogue in each new vogue the lasses he'd
go drapin',

Until their lads his ribbons, plaids and rings had no
escapin'.

"Now, whisht your prate, and take your toys," cried he,
"my darlin' childer,

Or my new ballads wid your noise complately you'll
bewilder."

Countryside Characters

Then his Come-all-Yees he'd advance wid such a quare
comether,
That you might say he tuk away our sinse and pince
together.

But there! of all the roaming Jacks that trass the counthry
over,
For paramount I'd ever count ould Roddy Mor, the
Rover.
For 'deed an' I believe that when his sperrit parts his body,
If he's allowed, he'll draw a crowd in Heaven itself will
Roddy.

OULD DOCTOR MACK

Ye may tramp the world over from Delhi to Dover,
And sail the salt say from Archangel to Arragon ;
Circumvint back through the whole Zodiack,
But to ould Docther Mack ye can't furnish a paragon.
Have ye the dropsy, the gout, the autopsy ?
Fresh livers and limbs instantaneous he'll shape yez ;
No way infarior in skill, but suparior
And lineal postarior to ould Aysculapius.

CHORUS

*He and his wig wid the curls so carroty,
Aigle eye and complexion clarety ;
Here's to his health,
Honour and wealth,
The king of his kind and the cream of all charity.*

Countryside Songs

How the rich and the poor, to consult for a cure,
Crowd on to his door in their carts and their carriages,
Showin' their tongues or unlacin' their lungs,
For divel wan symptom the docther disparages.
Troth an' he'll tumble for high or for humble
From his warm feather-bed wid no cross contrariety ;
Makin' as light of nursin' all night
The beggar in rags as the belle of society.

CHORUS

*He and his wig wid the curls so carrotty,
Aigle eye and complexion clarety,
Here's to his health,
Honour and wealth,
The king of his kind and the cream of all charity.*

And, as if by a meracle, ailments hysterical,
Dad, wid one dose of bread pills he can smother,
And quench the love sickness wid comical quickness,
Prescribin' the right boys and girls to each other.
And the sufferin' childer ! Your eyes 'twould bewilder
To see the wee craythurs his coat tails unravellin'—
Each of them fast on some treasure at last,
Well knowin' ould Mack's just a toy-shop out travellin'.

CHORUS

*He and his wig wid the curls so carrotty,
Aigle eye and complexion clarety ;
Here's to his health,
Honour and wealth,
The king of his kind and the cream of all charity.*

Countryside Characters

Thin, his doctherin' done, in a rollickin' run
Wid the rod or the gun he's the foremost to figure;
Be Jupiter Ammon! what jack-snipe or salmon
E'er rose to backgammon his tail-fly or trigger!
And hark that view holloa! 'Tis Mack in full follow
On black "Faugh-a-ballagh" the country-side sailin'!
Och, but you'd think 'twas ould Nimrod in pink,
Wid his spurs cryin' chink over park wall and palin'.

CHORUS

*He and his wig wid the curls so carroty,
Aigle eye and complexion clarety.*

*Here's to his health,
Honour and wealth,
Hip, hip, hooray, wid all hilarity!*

*Hip, hip, hooray! That's the way!
All at once widout disparity!
One more cheer for our docther dear,
The king of his kind and the cream of all charity
Hip, hip, hooray!*

COUNTRYSIDE COLLEENS

THE ROSE OF KENMARE

I've been soft in a small way
On the girleens of Galway,
And the Limerick lasses have made me feel quare ;
But there's no use denyin'
No girl I've set eye on
Could compate wid Rose Ryan of the town of Kenmare.

*O, where
Can her like be found ?
Nowhere,
The country round,
Spins at her wheel
Daughter as true,
Sets in the reel,
Wid a slide of the shoe,
a slinderer,
tinderer,
purtier,
wittier colleen than you,
Rose, aroo !*

Counttryside Colleens

Her hair mocks the sunshine,
And the soft, silver moonshine
Neck and arm of the colleen completely eclipse ;
Whilst the nose of the jewel
Slants straight as Carn Tual
From the heaven in her eye to her heather-sweet lips.

O, where, &c.

Did your eyes ever follow
The wings of the swallow
Here and there, light as air, o'er the meadow field glance ?
For if not you've no notion
Of the exquisite motion
Of her sweet little feet as they dart in the dance.

O, where, &c.

If y' inquire why the nightingale
Still shuns the invitin' gale
That wafts every song-bird but her to the West,
Faix she knows, I suppose,
Ould Kenmare has a Rose
That would sing any Bulbul to sleep in her nest.

O, where, &c.

When her voice gives the warnin'
For the milkin' in the mornin'
Ev'n the cow known for hornin' comes runnin' to her pail ;
The lambs play about her
And the small bonneens snout her,
Whilst their parints salute her wid a twisht of the tail.

O, where, &c.

Countryside Songs

When at noon from our labour
We draw neighbour wid neighbour
From the heat of the sun to the shilter of the tree,
Wid spuds fresh from the bilin'
And new milk you come smilin',
All the boys' hearts beguillin', alannah machree !

O, where, &c.

But there's one sweeter hour
When the hot day is o'er
And we rest at the door wid the bright moon above,
And she sittin' in the middle,
When she's guessed Larry's riddle,
Cries, " Now for your fiddle, Shiel Dhuv, Shiel Dhuv ! "

*O, where
Can her like be found ?
Nowhere,
The country round,
Spins at her wheel
Daughter as true,
Sets in the reel,
Wid a slide of the shoe,
a slinderer,
tinderer,
purtier,
wittier colleen than you,
Rose, aroo !*

Countryside Colleens

FAN FITZGERL

Wirra, wirra ! ologone !
Can't ye lave a lad alone,
Till he's proved there's no tradition left of any other girl—
Not even Trojan Helen,
In beauty all excellin'—
Who's been up to half the divlement of Fan Fitzgerl.

Wid her brows of silky black
Arched above for the attack,
Her eyes they dart such azure death on poor admirin' man ;
Masther Cupid, point your arrows,
From this out, agin the sparrows,
For your bested at Love's archery by young Miss Fan.

See what showers of goolden thread
Lift and fall upon her head,
The likes of such a trammel-net at say was niver spread ;
For, whin accurately reckoned,
'Twas computed that each second
Of her curls has cot a Kerryman and kilt him dead.

Now mintion, if ye will,
Brandon Mount and Hungry Hill,
Or Ma'g'llicuddy's Reeks renowned for cripplin' all they
can ;
Still the countryside confisses
None of all its precipices
Cause a quarther so much carnage as the nose of Fan.

Countryside Songs

But your shatthered hearts suppose
Safely steered apast her nose,
She's a current and a reef beyant to wreck them rovin'
ships.

My maning it is simple ;
For that current is her dimple,
And the cruel reef 'twill coax ye to 's her coral lips.

I might inform ye further
Of her bosom's snowy murther,
And an ankle ambuscadin' through her gown's delightful
whirl ;

But what need, when all the village
Has forsook its peaceful tillage,
And flown to war and pillage all for Fan Fitzgerald !

EVA TUOHILL

Who's not heard of Eva Tuohill,
Munster's purest, proudest jewel—
Queen of Limerick's lovely maidens,
Cork's colleens, and Galway's girls—
With her slender shape that's swimmin'
Like a swan among the women,
With her voice of silver cadence,
And her crown of clustering curls ?

O ! the eyes of Eva Tuohill !
Now, why wouldn't Cromwell cruel
Just have called two centuries later
With his cannon at Tervoe ?

Countryside Colleens

For, one flash of angry azure
Through that silky black embrasure,
And away old Noll should scatter
With his army out of view.

Is't describe you, Eva Tuohill,
With the dozenth rapier duel
Fought to fix her sweet complexion
And the colour of her hair ?
Is it picture you her figure,
That's compelled so many a trigger
Take the deadliest direction
Through the early morning air ?

Well, no wonder, Eva Tuohill !
Since you're just one glorious jewel,
Lit with lovely flying flushes
From delightful lip to brow ;
Now in dreams your eyes they darkle,
Now with joy they dance and sparkle ;
Now your cheek is bathed in blushes,
Drowned in dimpled laughter now.

But your beauty, Eva Tuohill,
Is no opal false and cruel ;
Nor the meteor star deceiving,
Flashing ruin from above.
No ! but some divinest splendour,
Out of angels' tear-drops tender
Crystalled, in one Iris weaving
Faith and Hope and Virgin Love.

Countryside Songs

NANCY, THE PRIDE OF THE WEST

We have dark lovely looks on the shores where the Spanish
From their gay ships came gallantly forth,
And the sweet shrinking violets sooner will vanish
Than modest blue eyes from our north ;
But, oh ! if the fairest of fair-daughtered Erin
Gathered round at her golden request,
There's not one of them all that she'd think worth com-
paring
With Nancy, the pride of the west.

You'd suspect her the statue the Greek fell in love with,
If you chanced on her musing alone,
Or some Goddess great Jove was offended above with,
And chilled to a sculpture of stone ;
But you'd think her no colourless, classical statue,
When she turned from her pensive repose,
With her glowing grey eyes glancing timidly at you,
And the blush of a beautiful rose.

Have you heard Nancy sigh ? then you've caught the sad
echo
From the wind harp enchantingly borne.
Have you heard the girl laugh ? then you've heard the
first cuckoo
Carol summer's delightful return.
And the songs that poor ignorant country folk fancy
The lark's liquid raptures on high,
Are just old Irish airs from the sweet lips of Nancy,
Flowing up and refreshing the sky.

Countryside Colleens

And though her foot dances so soft from the heather
To the dew-twinkling tussocks of grass,
It but warns the bright drops to slip closer together
To image the exquisite lass ;
We've no men left among us, so lost to emotion,
Or scornful, or cold to her sex,
Who'd resist her, if Nancy once took up the notion
To set that soft foot on their necks.

Yet, for all that the bee flies for honey-dew fragrant
To the half-opened flower of her lips,
And the butterfly pauses, the purple-eyed vagrant,
To play with her pink finger-tips ;
From all human lovers she locks up the treasure
A thousand are starving to taste,
And the fairies alone know the magical measure
Of the ravishing round of her waist.

MOLLEEN OGE

Molleen oge, my Molleen oge,
Go put on your natest brogue,
And slip into your smartest gown,
You rosy little rogue ;
For a message kind I bear
To yourself from ould Adair,
That Pat the Piper's come around
And there'll be dancin' there.

Countryside Songs

Molleen dear, I'd not presume
To encroach into your room,
But I'd forgot a fairin'
I'd brought you from Macroon ;
So open ! and I swear
Not one peep upon you ; there !
'Tis a silver net to gather
At the glass your golden hair.

Molleen pet, my Molleen pet,
Faix I'm fairly in a fret
At the time you're titivatin',
Molleen, aren't you ready yet ?
Now net and gown and brogue,
Are you sure you're quite the vogue ?
But, bedad, you look so lovely,
I'll forgive you, Molleen oge !

COUNTRYSIDE COURTSHIPS

LONESOME LOVERS

SHE

Ochone ! Patrick Blake,
You're off up to Dublin,
And sure for your sake
I'm the terrible trouble in ;
For I thought that I knew
What my " Yes " and my " No " meant,
Till I tried it on you
That misfortunate moment.
But somehow I find,
Since I sent Pat away,
It must be in my mind
I was wishful he'd stay.

While ago the young rogue
Came and softly stooped over,
And gave me a *pogue*
As I stretched in the clover ;
How I boxed his two ears,
And axed him " How dare he ? "
Now I'd let him for years—
'Tis the way women vary.

Countryside Songs

*For somehow I find,
Since I sent Pat away,
It must be in my mind
I was wishful he'd stay.*

Oh ! why wouldn't he wait
To put his *comether*
Upon me complate,
When we both were together ?
But no, Patrick, no ;
You must have me consentin'
Too early, and so
Kitty's late for repentin'.
*For somehow I find,
Since I sent Pat away,
It must be in my mind
I was wishful he'd stay.*

HE

Oh ! Kitty O'Hea,
I'm the terrible trouble in,
For you're at Rossbeigh
And myself is in Dublin,
Through mistaking, bedad !
Your blushes and that trick
Of sighing you had
Showed a softness for Patrick.
*And yet from my mind
A voice seems to spake :—
"Go back, and you'll find
That she's fond of you, Blake !"*

Countryside Courtships

Oh ! Dublin is grand,
As all must acknowledge,
Wid the Bank on one hand,
On the other the College.
I'd be proud to be Mayor
Of so splendid a city,
But I'd far sooner share
A cabin wid Kitty.
*And I may so some day,
For that voice in my mind
Keeps seeming to say :—
"After all she'll be kind."*

Oh ! Dublin is fine
Wid her ships on the river,
And her iligant line
Of bridges forever.
But, Kitty, my dear,
I'd exchange them this minute
For our small little pier
And my boat, and you in it.
*And I may so some day,
For that voice in my mind
Keeps seeming to say :—
"After all she'll be kind."*

Here you've beautiful squares
For all to be gay in,
Promenading in pairs,
Wid the band music playin' ;

Countryside Songs

But if I'd my choice,
Where our green hollies glisten,
To Kitty's sweet voice
I'd far sooner listen.
*And I may so some day,
For that voice in my mind
Keeps seeming to say:—
"After all she'll be kind."*

Here's a wonderful Park,
Where the wild beasts are feedin'
For the world like No'h's Ark
Or the Garden of Eden!
But, faix! of the two,
I'd rather be sittin'
Manœuvring, aroo!
Wid your comical kitten.
*And I may so some day,
For that voice in my mind
Keeps seeming to say:—
"After all she'll be kind."*

Yes, Dublin's a Queen
Wid her gardens and waters,
And her buildings between
For her sons and her daughters;
In learning so great,
So lovely and witty;
But she isn't complate
At all widout Kitty.

Countryside Courtships

*And that voice in my mind—
“Go back to the South!”—
So I will, then, and find
What you mane from her mouth.*

THE POTATO BLOSSOM

As fiddle in hand
I crossed the land,
Wid homesick heart so weighty,
I chanced to meet
A girl so sweet
That she turned my grief to gai'ty.
Now what cause for pause
Had her purty feet ?
Faix, the beautiful flower of the pratee.
Then more power to the flower of the pratee,
The beautiful flower of the pratee,
For fixin' the feet
Of that colleen sweet,
On the road to Cincinnati.
You'd imagine her eye
Was a bit of blue sky,
And her cheek had a darlin' dimple ;
Her footstep faltered,
She blushed, and altered
Her shawl wid a timid trimble.
And, “ Oh, sir, what's the blossom
You wear on your bosom ? ”
She asked most sweet and simple.

Countryside Songs

I looked in her face
To see could I trace
Any hint of lurkin' levity ;
But there wasn't a line
Of her features fine
But expressed the gentlest gravity.
So quite at my aise
At her innocent ways,
Wid sorra a sign of brevity,

Says I, " Don't you know
Where these blossoms blow,
And their name of fame, mavourneen ?
I'd be believin'
You were deceivin'
Shiel Dhuv this summer mornin',
If your eyes didn't shine
So frank on mine,
Such a schemin' amusement scornin'.

Now I don't deny
'Twould be asy why,
Clane off widout any reflection—
Barely to name
The plant of fame
Whose flower is your eye's attraction ;
Asy for me,
But to you, machree,
Not the slenderest satisfaction ;

Countyside Courtships

For somehow I know
If I answered you so,
You'd be mad you could disrimimber
In what garden or bower
You'd seen this flower
Or adornin' what forest timber,
Or where to seek
For its fruit unique
From June until Novimber.

Since thin, I reply,
You take such joy
In this blossom I love so dearly,
Wid a bow like this
Shall I lave you, miss,
Whin I've mentioned the name of it merely ;
Or take your choice,
Wid music and voice,
Shall I sing you its history clearly ? ”

“ Oh ! the song, kind sir,
I'd much prefer,”
She answered wid eager gai'ty.
So we two and the fiddle
Turned off from the middle
Of the road to Cincinnati,
And from under the shade
That the maples made
I sang her “ The Song of the Pratee.”

Countryside Songs

BLACKBERRYING

When I was but a weeshy boy,
My mother's pride, my father's joy,
My mouth and hands had full employ,

When blackberries grew ripe ;
And oft my mammy she should squeeze
The thorns from out my arms and knees,
And my good dad, to give me ease,
Put by his favourite pipe.

And even since I've become a man,
And dressed on quite a different plan,
I've still gone carrying the can,

When blackberries grew sweet.
Yes ! trampling through the bramble brakes,
I'd court the keenest pains and aches
For two or three fair colleens' sakes,
Whose names I'll not repeat.

Till Norah of the amber hair,
Who'd been my partner here and there,
Around about and everywhere,

When blackberries came in ;
As I just tried with too much haste
The richer, rarer fruit to taste,
That on her lips was goin' to waste,
She tosses up her chin,
And marches by me night and morn,
Her grey eyes only glancing scorn,
Regardless of the bitter thorn
That in my heart she's rooting !

Countryside Courtships

Yet, somehow, something in my mind
Keeps murmuring, when she's most unkind,
"Have patience! she'll make friends, you'll find,
Ere blackberries finish fruiting!"

LOVE'S HALLOWED SEAL

When sky-larks soaring to Heav'n were pouring
The trembling cadence of their long, sweet cry;
As lone I wandered and pensive pondered,
My Queen of Maidens she came musing by.
Her footstep faltered, she blushed and altered
Her crimson kerchief with gesture shy;
It could not hide her, and so beside her
I took the mountain track to old Athy.

Till as we rounded the ridge that bounded
The cowslip meadow from the coom below,
A sad, slow tolling, from far uprolling,
Cast sudden shadow on my colleen's brow.
In prayer low bending she knelt, commending
The parting spirit to Heav'n above,
And that one motion of pure devotion
Has set a hallowed seal upon my love.

THE MILKING CAN

All in Tipp'rary's Golden Vale
I met with Kate Magee,
Upon her poll the milking pail,
A lamb beside her knee.

Countryside Songs

O, her eyes were dreams of blue,
With the sunlight dancing through,
And her laughing lips the hue
Of the rose upon the tree ;
And a step so light, the daisies white
Scarce stirr'd upon the lea.

For a year, an eager, aching year,
With pleasure hard by pain,
And many a hope and many a fear,
I'd sought her love to gain.
Ev'ry art of tongue and eye
Fond lads with lasses try,
I had used with ceaseless sigh—
Yet all, yet all in vain ;
And a fortnight since she made me wince
With her wit in that very lane.

But that morning, at the tender tale
Of trouble in my eyes,
Her footsteps fail, she lowers her pail,
And soft my name she sighs ;
And a happy, happy man,
I'd her slender waist to span,
And a kiss above her can,
And a small hand for my prize,
As soft as silk, as white as milk,
And as warm as summer skies.

Countryside Courtships

CHANGING HER MIND

As I rolled on my side-car to Santry Fair,
I chanced round a corner on Rose Adair,
Her shoes in her hands as she took the track,
And a fowl in a basket upon her back.
"Step up, Miss Rose! Och, that bird's luck,
Attendin' the fair as Rose's duck,
As Rose's duck, as Rose's duck!"
"No! Shawn Magee, the bird's a goose,
And to travel with two, there's no sort of use."

I couldn't but laugh, though I'd had it hot,
But I fired, as I passed her, one partin' shot.
"The poor second gander that got the worst,"
Says I, "must leave Rose to mind the first.
The creature must fly and boldly try
To seem a swan in some girl's eye,
Some other girl's eye, some other girl's eye.
Good day to you, Rose, for I'd best push on,
And perhaps at the fair I'll be some girl's swan."

But hardly a furlong away I'd flown,
When plainly behind me I heard her moan.
In a breath I was back, where she limped forlorn,
With her purty foot pierced by a thumpin' thorn.
With one soft squeeze I gave her ease;
Then turning kind, says she, "I find
I'm—changing—my—mind—I've changed my mind!"
"Change more," says I. "What's that?" says she.
"Your name to mine. Be Rose Magee!"

Countryside Songs

JENNY, I'M NOT JESTING

" Ah, Jenny, I'm not jesting,
Believe what I'm protesting,
And yield what I'm requesting

These seven years through."

" Ah, Lawrence, I may grieve you ;
Yet, if I can't relieve you,
Sure, why should I deceive you
With words untrue.

But, since you must be courtin',
There's Rosy and her fortune,
'Tis rumoured your consortin'
With her of late.

Or there's your cousin Kitty,
So charming and so witty,
She'd wed you out of pity,
Kind Kate."

" Fie ! Jenny, since I knew you,
Of all the lads that woo you,
None's been so faithful to you.

If truth were told ;

Even when yourself was dartin'
Fond looks at fickle Martin,
Till off the thief went startin'
For Sheela's gold."

" And, if you've known me longest,
Why should your love be strongest,
And his that's now the youngest,
For that be worst ? "

Countryside Courtships

"Fire, Jenny, quickest kindled
Is always soonest dwindled,
And thread the swiftest spindled
Snaps first."

"If that's your wisdom, Larry,
The longer I can tarry,
The luckier I shall marry
At long, long last."

"I've known of girls amusing,
Their minds, the men refusing,
Till none were left for choosing
At long, long last."

"Well, since it seems that marriage
Is still the safest carriage,
And all the world disparage
The spinster lone ;
Since you might still forsake me,
I think I'll let you take me.
Yes ! Larry, you may make me
Your own !"

FIXIN' THE DAY

PATRICK

Arrah, answer me now, sweet Kitty Mulreddin,
Why won't you be fixin' the day of our weddin' ?

KITTY

Now, Patrick O'Brien, what a hurry you're in !
Can't you wait till the summer comes round to begin ?

Countryside Songs

PATRICK

O' no, Kitty machree, in all sinse and all raison,
The winter's the properest marryin' saison ;
For to comfort oneself from the frost and the rain,
There's nothin' like weddin' in winter, 'tis plain.

KITTY

If it's only protection you want from the cowl,
There's a parish that's called the Equator, I'm tould,
That for single young men is kept hot through the year.
Where's the use of your marryin' ? off wid you there !

PATRICK

But there's also a spot not so pleasantly warmed,
Set aside for ould maids, if I'm rightly informed,
Where some mornin', if still she can't make up her mind,
A misfortunate colleen, called Kathleen, you'll find.

KITTY

Is it threatenin' you are that I'll die an ould maid,
Who refused, for your sake, Mr. Laurence M'Quaide ?
Faix ! I think I'll forgive him ; for this I'll be bound,
He'd wait like a lamb till the summer came round.

PATRICK

Now it's thinkin' I am that this same Mr. Larry
Is what makes you so slow in agreein' to marry.

Countryside Courtships

KITTY

And your wish to be settled wid *me* in such haste
Doesn't prove that you're jealous of *him* in the laste ?

PATRICK

Well, we'll not say that Kitty'll die an ould maid.

KITTY

And we'll bother no more about Larry M'Quaide.

PATRICK

But, Kitty machree, sure those weddin's in spring,
When the Long Fast is out, are as common a thing
As the turfs in a rick, or the stones on a wall—
Faith ! you might just as well not be married at all.
But a weddin', consider, at this side of Lent,
Would be thought such a far more surprisin' event—
So delightful to all at this dull time of year.
Now say " Yes ! " for the sake of the neighbours, my dear !

KITTY

No, Patrick, we'll wed when the woods and the grass
Wave a welcome of purtiest green, as we pass
Through the sweet cowslip meadow, and up by the mill
To the chapel itself on the side of the hill—
Where the thorn, that's now sighin' a widow's lamint,
In a bridesmaid's costume 'll be smilin' contint,

Countryside Songs

And the thrush and the blackbird pipe, "Haste to the
weddin',
Of Patrick O'Brien and Kitty Mulreddin."

PATRICK

Will you really promise that, Kitty, you rogue ?

KITTY

Whisper, Patrick, the contract I'll seal wid—a *pogue*.
[*Kissing him.*]

BARNEY BRALLAGHAN

(*Adapted*)

On a night of June
A fine young Irish farmer
Thus takes up his tune,
Complainin' to his charmer ;
" 'Tis a twelve-month, Kate,
Since I first came courtin',
Yet my suit you trate
Still with cruel sportin'.

Och, just say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan !
Don't say nay,
Charmin' Kitty Callaghan ! "

Countryside Courtships

"Eyes, whose heavenly ray
Shot through shadowy fringes,
Cost me in one day
Twenty thousand twinges.
Dimpled chin and cheek,
Whose hue just sets me silly,
Since, 'tis hide and seek
Betwixt the rose and lily.

Beauty's star,
Charmin' Kitty Callaghan,
That's what you are,
Sighs poor Barney Brallaghan."

"And though there's just a doubt,
If I've enough of cash, dear,
You've the lovely mout'
And I the grand moustache, dear ;
You've the genteel taste,
And I'm the boy to hit it ;
You've the perfect waist,
And I the arm to fit it.

So just say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan ;
Don't say nay,
Charmin' Kitty Callaghan !"

COUNTRYSIDE COUPLES

THE REAPER'S REVENGE

Oft and oft I dream, astore,
With secret sighs and laughter,
How once you reaped the field before,
And I came gatherin' after.
While tenderly, tenderly, with the corn
Looks of love you threw me ;
Till I stood up with eyes of scorn
And withered your hope to woo me.

Oft and oft I'm dreamin' still,
With smiles and tears together,
Of how I stretched, so weak and ill,
Thro' all the wintry weather ;
While tenderly, tenderly, still you'd tap,
Seeking news of Norah ;
Till I grew fonder of your rap
Than father's voice, acora !

Most I mind the plan conceal'd
That thro' the spring amused you,
To wait to find me in the field,
Where rashly I refused you ;

Countryside Couples

Then earnestly, earnestly, in my eyes
Gaze, till I return'd you
The look of looks and sigh of sighs
On the spot where once I spurn'd you.

THE LIGHT IN THE SNOW

Oh! Pat, the bitter day when you bravely parted from us,
The mother and myself on the cruel quays of Cork :
When you took the long kiss, and you gave the faithful
promise
That you'd soon bring us over to be wid you at New
York.

But the times they grew worse through the wild, weary
winter,
And my needle all we had to find livin' for us two ;
While the mother drooped and drooped till I knelt down
forenint her
And closed her dyin' eyes, dear—but still no word of
you.

Then the neighbours thought you false to me, but I knew
you better,
Though the bud became the leaf, and the corn began
to start ;
And the swallow she flew back, and still sorra letter,
But I sewed on and on, Pat, and kep' a stout heart.

Countryside Songs

Till the leaves they decayed, and the rook and the starlin'
Returned to the stubble, and I'd put by enough
To start at long last in search of my darlin'
Alone across the ocean so unruly and rough.

Until at the end, very weak and very weary,
I reached the overside, and started on my search ;
But no account for ever of Patrick for his Mary,
By advertisin' for you, dear, or callin' you in church.

Yet still I struggled on, though my heart was almost
broken
And my feet torn entirely on the rough, rugged stone ;
Till that day it came round, signs by and by token,
The day five year that we parted you, mavrone !

Oh ! the snow it was sweepin' through the dark, silent
city,
And the cruel wind it cut through my thin, tattered
gown.
Still I prayed the good God on his daughter to take pity ;
When a sudden, strange light shone forenint me up
the town.

And the light it led on till at last right oppòsite
A large, lonely house it vanished, as I stood,
Wid my heart axing wildly of me, was it, oh, was it
A warnin' of ill or a token of good ?

Countryside Couples

When the light kindled up agin, brighter and bigger,
And the shadow of a woman across the windy passed ;
While close, close, and closer to her stole a man's figure,
And I fainted, as you caught me in your true arms at last.

Then Pat, my own Pat, I saw that you were altered
To the shadow of yourself by the fever on the brain !
While " Mary, Mary darlin'," at last your lips they
faltered,
You've given your poor Patrick his mem'ry back again."

And the good, gentle priest, when he comes, is never
weary
Of sayin', as he spakes of that light in the snow,
" The Lord heard your prayer, and in pity for you, Mary,
Restored Pat the raison that he lost long ago."

THE BLUE, BLUE SMOKE

Oh! many and many a time
In the dim old days,
When the chapel's distant chime
Pealed the hour of evening praise,
I've bowed my head in prayer ;
Then shouldered scythe or bill,
And travelled free of care
To my home across the hill ;
Whilst the blue, blue smoke
Of my cottage in the coom,
Softly wreathing,
Sweetly breathing,
Waved my thousand welcomes home.

Counterside Songs

For oft and oft I've stood,
Delighted in the dew,
Looking down across the wood,
Where it stole into my view—
Sweet spirit of the sod,
Of our own Irish earth,
Going gently up to God
From the poor man's hearth.
O, the blue, blue smoke
Of my cottage in the coom,
Softly wreathing,
Sweetly breathing—
My thousand welcomes home.

But I hurried swiftly on,
When Herself from the door
Came swimming like a swan
Beside the Shannon shore ;
And after her in haste,
On pretty, pattering feet,
Our rosy cherubs raced
Their daddy dear to meet ;
While the blue, blue smoke
Of my cottage in the coom,
Softly wreathing,
Sweetly breathing,
Waved my thousand welcomes home.

But the times are sorely changed
Since those dim old days,
And far, far I've ranged
From those dear old ways ;

Countryside Couples

And my colleen's golden hair
To silver all has grown,
And our little cherub pair
Have cherubs of their own ;
And the black, black smoke,
Like a heavy funeral plume,
Darkly wreathing,
Fearful breathing,
Crowns the city with its gloom.

But 'tis our comfort sweet,
Through the long toil of life,
That we'll turn with tired feet
From the noise and the strife,
And wander slowly back
In the soft western glow,
Hand in hand, by the track
That we trod long ago ;
Till the blue, blue smoke
Of our cottage in the coom,
Softly wreathing,
Sweetly breathing,
Waves our thousand welcomes home.

TROTTIN' TO THE FAIR

Trottin' to the fair,
Me and Moll Malony,
Sated, I declare,
On a single pony ;

Countryside Songs

How am I to know that
Molly's safe behind,
Wid our heads in oh! that
Awk'ard way inclined?
By her gintle breathin'
Whispered past my ear,
And her white arms wreathin'
Warm around me *here*.
Trottin' to the fair,
Me and Moll Malony,
Sated, I declare,
On a single pony.

Yerrig! Masther Jack,
Lift your fore-legs higher,
Or a rousin' crack
Surely you'll require.
"Ah!" says Moll, "I'm frightened
That the pony'll start,"
And her hands she tightened
On my happy heart;
Till, widout reflectin',
'Twasn't quite the vogue,
Somehow, I'm suspectin'
That I snatched a pogue.
Trottin' to the fair,
Me and Moll Malony,
Sated, I declare,
On a single pony.

Countryside Couples

JOULTIN' TO THE FAIR

Joultin' to the fair,
Three upon the pony,
That so lately were
Me and Moll Malony.
"How can three be on, boy?
Sure, the wife and you,
Though you should be *wan*, boy,
Can't be more nor *two*."
Arrah, now then may be
You've got eyes to see
That this purty baby
Adds us up to *three*.
Joultin' to the fair,
Three upon the pony,
That so lately were
Me and Moll Malony.

Come, give over, Jack,
Cap'rin' and curvettin',
All that's on your back
Foolishly forgettin';
For I've tuk the notion
Wan may cant'rin' go,
Trottin' is a motion
I'd extind to *two*;

Countryside Songs

But to travel steady
Matches best with *three*,
And we're that already,
Mistress Moll and me.
Joultin' to the fair,
Three upon the pony,
That so lately were
Me and Moll Malony.

COUNTRYSIDE HUMOURS

THE CONFESSION

A lovely lass with modest mien
Stole out one morning early ;
The dew-drops glancing o'er the green
Made all her pathway pearly.
Young Lawrence, struck with Cupid's dart—
Cupid's dart distressing—
As through the fields he saw her start,
Sighed, " She's gone confessing !
O vo ! 'twould ease my heart
To earn the father's blessing."

The father with a twinkling eye,
He watched my boyo cunning,
Unnoticed by his colleen's eye,
Behind the bushes running.
" How well," he laughed, " young Lawrence there,
After all my pressing,
With his sweetheart, I declare,
Comes at last confessing.
Oho ! I'll just take care
To give the lad a lesson."

Countryside Songs

The pleasant priest unbarred the door,
As solemn as a shadow,
“How slow,” cried he, “you’ve come before,
How hot-foot, now, my laddo!
The serious steal with looks sedate,
Seeking to be shriven,
But you, you’re in no fitting state
Now to be forgiven.
So, go within and wait
With all your thoughts on heaven.”

The fair one, following in a while,
Made out her faults with meekness ;
The priest then asked her with a smile
Had she no other weakness,
And led with that young Lawrence in ;
Her cheeks were now confessing.
“Well since ’tis after all a sin
Easy of redressing,
Here, dear, I’d best begin
To give you both my blessing.”

THE DISCOVERY OF WHISKEY

Beimeedh a gole !
Fill up the bowl,
Let us console
Dull care wid a glass, boys !
Shall it be wine,
Fragrant and fine,
Fresh smuggled from Spain underneath a mattress, boys !

Countryside Humours

No ! all of those pleasant
Casks out of Cadiz,
Leave as a present,
Lads, for the ladies !
But for ourselves, sure, what should we say
But whiskey for ever till dawnin' of day !
Beimeedh a gole !

Beimeedh a gole !
Wasn't it droll,
He that first stole
Fire from Heav'n's grate, boys !
Look now, was left
Chained to a cleft,
A century through, for an aile to ate, boys !
St. Pat tho', when stealin'
Fire from that quarter,
Kept it concealin'
Snug under water,
Till he'd conveyed it safe to the ground,
Then look'd, and, begorra, 'twas whiskey he found !
Beimeedh a gole !

Beimeedh a gole !
Each wid his poll
Quite in control,
For all it's containin' ;
Smilin' we sit,
Warmin' our wit
Wid nectar the Gods might begrudge us the drainin'.

Countryside Songs

Now ere we go snoozin'
Under the clothes,
Don't be refusin'
One health I propose :
Here's to the darlin', pale as the dew,
That pounds purple Bacchus and all of his crew !
Beimeedh a gole !

ONE AT A TIME

As she sat spinnin' beside her door,
Sweet Kitty Kelly of Farranfore,
In dropped, as often he'd done before,
Ned Byrne, the young Schoolmaster.
He took the seat that she signed him to
And then that same to her side he drew,
When up there hurried big Tom McHugh
Who lived by lath and plaster.
He took the seat that Miss Kate supplied
And drew that same to her other side.
"Now do spake one at a time," she cried,
"And we'll get on the faster."
Says Ned, "Miss Kelly, but don't you see,
My business needs but yourself and me."
"Then since, at present at least, we're three,
'Twill have to wait," says Kitty.
"Now, Tom McHugh, 'tis your turn to start."
"Well then, Miss Kitty, first come apart."
"And hurt poor Ned to the very heart !
Your selfish plans I pity.

Countyside Humours

But since I've guessed what you're both about,
P'raps now 'tis best not to leave you in doubt ;
So here's the whole of the murder out—
I'm promised to Daniel Whitty."

THE KILKENNY CATS

In the dacent ould days
Before stockings or stays
Were invented, or breeches, top-boots and top-hats,
You'd search the whole sphere
From Cape Horn to Cape Clear
And never come near to the likes of our Cats
Och, tunder ! och, tunder !
You'd wink wid the wonder
To see them keep under the mice and the rats ;
And go wild for half shares
In the phisants and hares
They pull'd up the backstairs to provision our Pats
Och ! the Cats of Kilkenny, Kilkenny's wild Cats !

But the shame and the sin
Of the Game Laws came in,
Wid the gun and the gin of the landlord canats ;
And the whole box and dice
Of the rats and the mice
Made off in a trice from our famishing Cats.
What did the bastes do ?
What would I or you ?

Countryside Songs

Is it lie down and mew till we starved on our mats ?
Not at all, faix ! but fall
Small and great, great and small,
Wid one grand caterwaul on each other's cravats.
Och ! the Cats of Kilkenny, Kilkenny's wild Cats !

And that mortal night long
We should hark, right or wrong,
To the feast and the song of them cannibal Cats,
Gladiath'rin away
Till the dawn of the day
In fifty-three sharps, semiquavers and flats
And when we went round
Wid the milk-carts we found
Scattered over the ground, like a sprinkle of sprats—
(All the rest, bit and sup,
Of themselves they'd ate up)
Only just the tip-ends of the tails of the Cats,
Of the Cats of Kilkenny, Kilkenny's quare Cats !

THE JUG OF PUNCH

(Adapted)

As I was sitting with my glass and spoon
One pleasant evening in the month of June,
A thrush sang out of an Ivy bunch
And the tune he trolled was the Jug of Punch.
Tooralloo, tooralloo, tooralloo, tooralloo !
A Jug of Punch, a Jug of Punch,
And the tune he trolled was the Jug of Punch.

Countryside Humours

What more diversion might a man require
Than coorting a lass o'er a nate turf fire,
With a Kerry pippin to cut and crunch,
And on the table a Jug of Punch.

Tooralloo, tooralloo, tooralloo, tooralloo !

A Jug of Punch, a Jug of Punch,

And on the table a Jug of Punch.

The doctor fails with all his art
To cure an impression upon the heart ;
But even the cripple forgets his hunch,
When he's snug outside of a Jug of Punch.

Tooralloo, tooralloo, tooralloo, tooralloo !

A Jug of Punch, a Jug of Punch,

When he's snug outside of a Jug of Punch.

Let the mortal Gods drink their nectar wine,
And the quality sip their claret fine,
But I'd give you all their grapes in a bunch
For one jolly pull at a Jug of Punch.

Tooralloo, tooralloo, tooralloo, tooralloo !

A Jug of Punch, a Jug of Punch,

Oh, I'd give them all for a Jug of Punch.

And when I'm dead and in my grave,
No costly tombstone will I crave,
But a quiet stretch in my native peat
With a Jug of Punch at my head and feet.

Tooralloo, tooralloo, tooralloo, tooralloo !

A Jug of Punch, a Jug of Punch,

Oh, more power to your elbow, my Jug of Punch !

Countryside Songs

COLONEL CARTY

When Carroll axed Kate for her heart and a hand
That held just a hundred good acres of land,
Her lovely brown eyes
Opened wide with surprise
And her lips they shot scorn at his saucy demand ;
“ Young Carroll Maginn, put the beard to your chin
And the change in your purse if a wife you would win.”

Then Carroll made Kate his most illigant bow
And off to The Diggin's stravaged from the plough ;
Till the beard finely grown,
And the pockets full blown,
Says he, “ Maybe Kate might be kind to me now ! ”
So home my lad came, Colonel Carty by name,
To try a fresh fling at his cruel old flame.

But when Colonel Carty in splendour steps in,
For all his grand airs and great beard to his chin,
“ Och, lave me alone ! ”
Cries Kate with a groan,
“ For my heart's in the grave wid poor Carroll Maginn.”
“ Hush sobbin' this minute, 'tis Carroll that's in it !
I've caged you at last, then, my wild little linnet ! ”

Countryside Humours

THE ASS AND THE PETTICOAT

She hung her petticoat out to dry,
Sweet Kitty Kelly of Achonry ;
When the Carroll's hungry ass came by
And made his meal upon it.

And when that same he had finished quite,
Devourin' on with all his might,
He choked to death, and sarve him right,
On Kitty's sweet sunbonnet.

When Carroll found his old jackass dead,
He went completely off his head ;
" The Kellys have poisoned you, poor old Ned,"
He spluttered like a porpoise.

" Such cruel murder I never saw,
The donkey 's no more use than straw,
But agin you Kellys I'll have the law,
For I'll take out Habeas Corpus ! "

And since the judges were goin' about,
The Kellys took a cross summons out
For trespass and larceny through the mout',
And they'd have no denial.

And the Coroner, too, he came that way
And sat on the ass in a field of hay.
" 'Tis *felo-de-se*," says he, " I'd say ;
But I'll send the case for trial."

Countryside Songs

And when they came to the Sessions Court,
You may say that the Wig and Gown had sport !
“ Ass-assination ” was their report
On the poor dead brayin’ varmint.

The Carrolls a farthing damages got,
But for charmin’ Kitty, why should they not,
The Counsellors all subscribed on the spot
A new bonnet and under garment.

ONE SUNDAY AFTER MASS

One Sunday after Mass,
As Lawrence and his lass
Through the green woods did pass
All alone, and all alone !

CHORUS

All alone, and all alone !

He asked her for a pogue,
But she called him a rogue,
And she beat him with her brogue,
Ochone and ochone !

CHORUS

Ochone and ochone !

Countryside Humours

At first my boy he bent,
As if to take, content,
His proper punishment.
Small blame too, small blame !

CHORUS

Small blame too, small blame !

But on her purty foot,
Unbothered by a boot,
He pressed a warm salute.
For shame ! fie ! for shame !

CHORUS

For shame ! fie ! for shame.

Then Larry gets the worst,
For she boxed his ears at first,
Then into tears she burst,
Ochone and ochone !.

CHORUS

Ochone and ochone !

But soon the artful rogue
Soothed his crying colleen oge,
Till she gave him just one pogue,
All alone, and all alone !

CHORUS

All alone, and all alone !

Countryside Songs

THE INVENTION OF WINE

As one day I was restin'
Mount Mangerton's crest on,
An ould hedge schoolmaster, so larned and fine,
My comrade on the mountain,
Began thus recountin',
In this poem so romantic, THE INVENTION OF WINE.

Before Bacchus could talk
Or dacently walk,
Down Olympus he leaped from the arms of his nurse ;
But though three years in all
Were consumed by the fall
He might have gone further and fared a deal worse

For he chanced, you must know,
On a flower and fruit show,
In some parish below, at the Autumn Assizes,
Where Solon and Cræsus,
Who'd been hearin' the cases,
By the people's consint were adjudgin' the prizes.

" Fruit prize Number One
There's no question upon—
We award it," they cried, in a breath, " to—the *diule* !
By the powers of the delf'
On your Lowness's shelf,
Who's this Skylarking Elf wid his manners uncivil ? "

Countryside Humours

For widout even a ticket,
That Deity wicked,
Falling plump in their midst in a posture ungainly,
Pucked that bunch of prize grapes
Into all sorts of shapes
And made them two Judges go on most profanely.

“ O, the deuce ! ” shouted Solon,
“ He’s not left a whole un ! ”
“ It’s the juice thin, indeed,” echoed Cræsus, half-cryin’ ;
For a squirt of that same,
Like the scorch of a flame,
Was playing its game the ould Patriarch’s eye in

Thin Solon said, “ Tie him,
At our pleasure we’ll try him.
Walk him off to the gaol, if he’s able to stand it ;
If not, why, thin get sure,
The loan of a stretcher,
And convey him away ! Do yez hear me command it ? ”

But Cræsus, long life to you,
Widout sorrow or strife to you,
And a peaceable wife to you, that continted you’ll die :
Just thin you’d the luck
The forefinger to suck
That you’d previously stuck wid despair in your eye.

Countryside Songs

No more that eye hurt you—
For the excellent virtue
Of the necther you'd sipped cured its smartin' at once,
And you shouted to Solon,
"Stop your polis patrollin' !
Where's the sinse your ould poll in, you ignorant dunce ?

"Is it whip into quad
A celestial God,
For I'll prove in a crack that the crayther's divine.
Look here ! have a sup,"
Some more juice he sopped up
In a silver prize cup, and **THEY FIRST TASTED WINE**

Said Solon, "Be Japers,
Put this in the papers ;
For this child wid his capers is divine widout doubt !
Let's kneel down before him,
And humbly adore him,
Then we'll mix a good jorum of the drink he's made out."

Now the whole of this time
That Spalpeen Sublime
Was preparing his mind for a good coorse of howlin' ;
For you've noticed, no doubt,
That the childer don't shout
Till a minute or more on their heads they've been rowlin'.

Countryside Humours

“ Milleah, murther ! ” at last
He shouted aghast,
“ My blood’s flowin’ as fast as a fountain of wather ;
It’ll soon be all spilt,
And then I’ll be kilt ”—
Mistakin’ the juice of the grapes for his slaughter.

Thin, glancin’ around,
He them gintlemen found
Their lips to the ground most adorin’ly placed,
Though I’m thinking the tippie,
Continuin’ to ripple
Round that sacred young cripple, their devotion increased.

“ By Noah’s Ark and the Flood,
They’re drinking my blood.
O you black vagabones ! ” shouted Bacchus, “ take that ! ”
Here wid infantile curses
He up wid his thrysus
And knocked the entire cavalcade of them flat.

But soon to his joy
That Celestial Boy,
Comprehendin’ the carnage that reddened the ground,
Extendin’ his pardon
To all in the garden,
Exclaimed wid a smile, as a crater he crowned—

Countryside Songs

“ My bould girls and boys,
Be using your eyes ;
For you now recognise the god Bacchus in me.
Come, what do you say
To a slight dajoonay,
Wid cowl'd punch and champagne, for I'm on for a spree ? ”

So widout further pressing,
Or the bother of dressing,
Down to table they sat wid that Haythen Divine,
And began celebratin',
Wid the choicest of atin',
And drinkin' like winkin' THE INVENTION OF WINE.

THE HEROES OF THE SEA

I'll tell you of a wonder that will stiffen up your hair,
That happened two poor fishermen convenient to Cape
Clear.
They just had run their boat afloat, they'd hardly gripped
an oar,
When their dog leapt in, their cat stepped in, that ne'er
did so before.
Now what overcame the creatures to start from shore ?

Says one brother : “ What's come o'er them two, who
ne'er on land agree,
To settle up their difference a-this-way on the sea ? ”

Countryside Humours

"I consave," replied the other, "'tis the portent we could wish
For a powerful take of pilchard, since that same's their favourite fish."
'Tis a symptom, for sure, of a power of fish.

Well! when the risin' moon it showed a swiftly rushin' shoal,
Their net they shot and found they'd got a purty tidy haul.
But when a dozen yards of mesh they'd plumped into the hold,
They saw their fish were fine say-rats, which made their blood run cold,
As around and around them they screeched and rolled.

But ere each rat could rip his way from out the noosin' net,
Bedad, the jaws of Towzer or the claws of Tom he met.
Then safely our two fishermen rowed home from out the bay,
And Tom and Towzer from that time were haroes you may say,
Round about the country-side, many and many a day.



SONGS AND BALLADS

LOVE'S WISHES

*Would I were Erin's apple-blossom o'er you,
Or Erin's rose, in all its beauty blown,
To drop my richest petals down before you,
Within the garden where you walk alone ;
In hope you'd turn and pluck a little posy,
With loving fingers through my foliage pressed,
And kiss it close and set it blushing rosy
To sigh out all its sweetness on your breast.*

*Would I might take a pigeon's flight towards you,
And perch beside your window-pane above,
And murmur how my heart of hearts it boards you,
O hundred thousand treasures of my love ;
In hope you'd stretch your slender hand and take me,
And smooth my wildly-fluttering wings to rest,
And lift me to your loving lips and make me
My bower of blisses in your loving breast.*

*And when the dew no longer pearls your roses,
Nor gems your footprint on the glittering lawn,
I'd follow you into the forest closes
In the fond image of your sportive fawn ;
Till you should woo me 'neath the wavering cover
With coaxing call and friendly hands and eyes,
Where never yet a happy human lover
His head has pillowed—mine to emparadise.*

SONGS OF MANY WATERS

CREDHE'S LAMENT FOR CAIL

O'er thy chief, thy rushing chief, Loch da Conn,
Loud the haven is roaring ;
All too late, her deadly hate for Crimtha's son
Yonder deep is deploring.
Small comfort, I trow, to Credhe is her wail,
Slender solace now, oh, my Cail !
Ochone ! och, wirrasthru ! can she who slew
Bid thee back, Spirit soaring !
Hark, the thrush from out Drumqueen lifts his keen
Through the choir of the thrushes ;
With his mate, his screaming mate, o'er the green
See ! the red weasel rushes.
Crushed on the crag lies Glensilen's doe,
O'er her yon stag tells his woe,
Thus, Cail, och, ochonee ! for thee, for thee
My soul's sorrow gushes.
O, the thrush, the mourning thrush, mating shall sing,
When the furze bloom is yellow ;
O, the stag, the grieving stag, in the spring
With a fresh doe shall fellow !
But love for me 'neath the ever-moving mound
Of the scowling sea lieth drowned ;
While och, och, ollagone ! the sea fowl moan
And the sea beasts bellow.

Songs and Ballads

BALTIMORE BOAT SONG

With swelling sail away, away !
Our bark goes bounding o'er the bay.
 " Farewell, farewell, old Baltimore,"
 She curtseys, curtseys to the shore.

Farewell, fond wives and children dear,
From ev'ry ill Heav'n keep you clear ;
 Till thro' the surge we stagger back,
 As full of herring as we'll pack.

For when we've sowed and gardened here,
Far off to other fields we'll steer ;
 Our farm upon the distant deep,
 Where all at once you till and reap.

There, there the reeling ridge we plough,
Our coulter keen the cutter's prow ;
 While fresh and fresh from out the trawl
 The fish by hundreds in we haul.

Thou glorious sun, gleam on above
O'er Erin, Erin, of our love.
 Ye ocean airs, preserve her peace,
 Ye night dews, yield her rich increase.

Until, one glittering realm of grain,
She waves her wanderers home again ;
 And we come heaping from our hold
 A silver crop beside the gold.

Songs of Many Waters

THE WRECK OF THE AIDEEN

Is it cure me, docther, darlin' ? an ould boy of siven-
four,

Afther soakin' off Berehaven three and thirty hour and
more,

Wid no other navigation underneath me but an oar.

God incrase ye, but it's only half myself is livin' still,
An' there's mountin' slow but surely to my heart the dyin'
chill ;

God incrase ye for your goodness, but I'm past all mortal
skill.

But ye'll surely let them lift me, won't you, docther,
from below ?

Ye'll let them lift me surely—very soft and very slow—
To see my ould ship Aideen wanst agin before I go ?

Lay my head upon your shoulder ; thank ye kindly,
docther, dear.

Take me now ; God bless ye, cap'n ! now together !
sorra fear !

Have no dread that ye'll distress me—now, agin, ochone !
I see her.

Ologone ! my Aideen's Aideen, christened by her laughin'
lips,

Wid a sprinkle from her finger, as ye started from the
slips,

Thirty year ago come Shrovetide, like a swan among the
ships.

Songs and Ballads

And we both were constant to ye till the bitter, bitter
day,
Whin the typhus took my darlin,' and she pined and pined
away,
Till yourself's the only sweetheart that was left me on
the say.

So through fair and foul we'd travel, you and I thin,
usen't we ?
The same ould coorse from Galway Bay, by Limerick
and Tralee,
Till this storm it shook me overboard, and murdered
you, machree.

But now, agra, the unruly wind has flown into the West,
And the silver moon is shinin' soft upon the ocean's
breast,
Like Aideen's smilin' spirit come to call us to our rest.

Still the sight is growin' darker, and I cannot rightly hear,
The say's too cold for one so old ; O, save me, cap'n, dear !
Now its growin' bright and warm agin, and Aideen,
Aideen's here.

THE HERRING FLEET

In the golden Autumn gloaming
Our sweethearts loosed away,
And their hookers brown went foaming
Full race o'er Galway Bay.

Songs of Many Waters

But through all their shouts and singing
 Broke in the breaker's tune,
And the ghostly gulls came winging,
 In flocks to the frowning dune,
And angry red was ringing
 The rising harvest moon.

Then we girls went back to our spinning,
 But soon grew sore distressed
To hear the storm beginning
 Far off in the wailing west.
Till fearful lightning flashes
 Came darting round our reels—
And dreadful thunder crashes
 Made dumb our dancing wheels,
While with lips as white as ashes
 We prayed for our fishing keels.

In the wild wet dawn we started
 In grief to the groaning shore,
Where so lightly we had parted
 From our boys but the eve before.
Then sure no angel's story
 Ever spoke such comfort sweet
As the cry of the coastguard hoary,
 As he sighted each craft complete :
"Our God has saved—to His glory—
 All hands of the herring fleet."

Songs and Ballads

'Twas Pretty to Be in Ballinderry

'Twas pretty to be in Ballinderry,
'Twas pretty to be in Aghalee,
'Twas prettier to be in little Ram's Island,
Trysting under the ivy tree !
 Ochone, ochone !
 Ochone, ochone !
For often I roved in little Ram's Island,
Side by side with Phelimy Hyland,
And still he'd court me and I'd be coy,
Though at heart I loved him, my handsome boy !

"I'm going," he sighed, "from Ballinderry
Out and across the stormy sea ;
Then if in your heart you love me, Mary,
Open your arms at last to me."
 Ochone, ochone !
 Ochone, ochone !
I opened my arms ; how well he knew me !
I opened my arms and took him to me ;
And there, in the gloom of the groaning mast,
We kissed our first and we kissed our last !

"'Twas happy to be in little Ram's Island,
But now 'tis as sad as sad can be ;
For the ship that sailed with Phelimy Hyland
Is sunk for ever beneath the sea."
 Ochone, ochone !
 Ochone, ochone !

Songs of Many Waters

And 'tis oh ! but I wear the weeping willow,
And wander alone by the lonesome billow,
And cry to him over the cruel sea,
“Phelimy Hyland, come back to me !”

MY MOUNTAIN LAKE

My own lake of lakes,
My lone lake of lakes,
 When the young blushing day
Beside you awakes,
The cold hoary mist,
To gold glory kissed,
 Lifts laughing away
O'er your cool amethyst.

My fair lake of lakes,
My rare lake of lakes,
How your tartan, red gold,
In the summer air shakes !
Fold fluttering on fold
 Of purple heath bloom
 And gay, glancing broom,
A joy to behold.

My sad, sleeping lake !
My mad, leaping lake !
When the palled tempest powers
 Into agony break—

Songs and Ballads

Their tears scalding showers,
Thunder moans their lament,
Their garments grief-rent
Thy broken hill bowers.

Bright faint-heaving breast,
By fond visions possessed !
Not a wave frets thy beach,
Scarce one ripple's unrest.
Dim, weltering reach,
Where the Priestess of Heaven
And the Steadfast Stars Seven
Hold Sibylline speech.

FAR AWAY FROM HER SCORNING

In the wan, mistful morning to Ocean's wild gales
Afar from her scorning I loose my black sails ;
For my kiss was scarce cold on her cheek when she turned
And my love for the gold of a renegade spurned.

Under cloud chill and pallid, while hollow winds moan,
Lies, alas ! our green-valleyed, purple-peaked Innishowen ;
For as if my sad case she were sharing to-day,
All her glory and grace she hides weeping away.

Farewell, Lake of Shadows ! Buncrana, farewell
To your thymy sea-meadows, your fern-fluttering dell !
Adieu, Donegal ! o'er the waters death-wan,
Under Heaven's heavy pall, like a ghost I am gone.

Songs of Many Waters

JOHNNY COX

As in the good ship "Annabel"
We coasted off Corfu,
A sudden storm upon us fell,
And tore our timbers true,
And rent our sails in two.

Our top-mast tumbled by the board,
Our mizen mast as well ;
Through flapping canvas, scourging cord,
Above like our death-bell
We heard the thunder knell.

"Now cut away!" our Captain cries,
"And like a cork she floats ;"
But axe in hand, with scowling eyes,
Set teeth and cursing throats,
The Lascars loose the boats.

When Johnny Cox, who lay below,
From off his fever bed
Comes stagg'ring up, a ghastly show,
As if from out the dead,
And drives them back in dread.

"What, quit your posts, ye cowards all,
Here's ballast then for you!"
With that he heaves a cannon ball
Full crash the cutter through,
And saves the ship and crew.

Songs and Ballads

But he, our hero, ere the rocks
We rounded, drooped and died ;
And we should lower you, Johnny Cox,
Lamenting, o'er the side
Into the moaning tide.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE ROCK

As on Killarney's bosom blue
We lay with lifted oars,
He challenged with his clarion true
The silent shores.
And straight from off her mountain throne
The Daughter of the Rock
Took up that challenge, tone by tone,
With airy mock.
And twice and thrice from hill to hill
She tossed it o'er the heather,
Then drew the notes with one wild thrill
Together.
Like pearls of silver dew
From a fragrant purple flower,
Echo's secret heart into
They shower.

We floated on, and ever on,
With many a warbled tune,
Until above the water wan
Awoke the moon

Songs of Many Waters

Then with a sudden, strange surprise
A clearer challenge came
From out his eager lips, and eyes
Of ardent flame.
Like Echo answering his horn,
At first I mocking met him;
Till, lest e'en counterfeited scorn
Should fret him,
From all my heart strings caught,
Faint as Echo's closing stress,
Stole the answer that he sighing sought,
Love's low "Yes!"

LOVE SONGS

A SONG OF KILLARNEY

By the Lakes of Killarney one morning in May
On my pipe of green holly I warbled away,
While a blackbird high up on the arbutus tree
Gave back my gay music with gushes of glee,

When my Eileen's voice stole

From the thicket of holly

And turned just the whole

Of our fluting to folly ;

And softly along

Through the myrtle and heather

The maid and her song

Swept upon us together.

'Twas an old Irish tale full of passionate trust

Of two faithful lovers long laid in the dust,

And her eyes as she sang looked so far, far away,

She went by me, nor knew she went by, where I lay

And myself and the grass

And the deeshy, red daisies

Should let our love pass,

Only whisp'ring her praises ;

While the lass and her lay

Through the myrtle and heather

Like a dream died away,

O'er the mountain together.

Love Songs

IF I WERE KING OF IRELAND

My love's a match in beauty
For every flower that blows,
Her little ear's a lily,
Her velvet cheek a rose ;
Her locks like gillygowans
Hang golden to her knee.
If I were king of Ireland,
My Queen she'd surely be.

Her eyes are fond forget-me-nots,
And no such snow is seen
Upon the heaving hawthorn bush
As crests her bodice green.
The thrushes when she's talking
Sit listening on the tree.
If I were king of Ireland,
My Queen she'd surely be.

WHEN SHE ANSWERED ME HER VOICE WAS LOW

When she answered me her voice was low,
But minstrel never matched his chords
To such a wealth of warbled words
In Temora's palace long ago.

Songs and Ballads

When her eyes looked back the love in mine,
Not Erin's self upon my sight
Has started out of stormy night
With a bluer welcome o'er the brine.

And no other orbs shall e'er eclipse
That magic look of maiden love,
And never song my soul shall move
Like that low sweet answer on her lips.

THE HOUR WE PARTED

The hour we parted,
When broken-hearted
You clung around me,
Maureen, aroo !
I swore I'd treasure,
Thro' pain and pleasure,
Thro' health and sickness,
My love for you.

And still that jewel,
Thro' changes cruel
Of fickle Fortune
I'll jealous guard ;

Love Songs

Still let her vary,
The jade cont'ary,
If but my Mary
Be my reward.

Yes ! scorn and anger,
Distress and langour,
They're welcome willing,
The long day thro' ;
Could I feel certain
That ev'ning's curtain
But clos'd us nearer,
Maureen, aroo !

The dreamy shadows
Along the meadows
Go softly stealing,
And falls the dew ;
And o'er the billows,
Like faithful swallows,
All, all my thoughts, dear,
Fly home to you.

With touches silken,
I see you milkin'
The crossest Kerry
In Adragole ;
And like a fairy,
You're singing, Mary,
Till every keeler
Is foaming full.

Songs and Ballads

The night is falling,
And you are calling
The cattle homeward,
With coaxing tone ;
In God's own keeping,
Awake or sleeping,
'Tis now I leave you,
Maureen, mavrone !

WITH FLUTTERING JOY

How happy for the little birds
From tree to tree, away and hither,
To pour their pretty, warbling words,
And fly with fluttering joy together !
But let the sun rejoice the skies,
Or sullen clouds his glory smother,
With heavy hearts we still must rise,
Far, far away from one another.

Now leave those foolish, feathered things,
O Fortune, Fortune, fond and cruel !
And fit two pair of trusty wings
Upon myself and Maurya jewel,
That she and I from earth may start,
And skim the sky on angel feather,
Till from mid-heaven, heart to heart,
With fluttering joy we fall together.

Love Songs

THE FOGGY DEW

Oh ! a wan cloud was drawn
O'er the dim, weeping dawn,
As to Shannon's side I returned at last ;
And the heart in my breast
For the girl I loved best
Was beating—ah, beating, how loud and fast !
While the doubts and the fears
Of the long, aching years
Seemed mingling their voices with the moaning flood ;
Till full in my path,
Like a wild water-wraith,
My true love's shadow lamenting stood.

But the sudden sun kissed
The cold, cruel mist
Into dancing showers of diamond dew ;
The dark flowing stream
Laughed back to his beam,
And the lark soared singing aloft in the blue ;
While no phantom of night,
But a form of delight
Ran with arms outspread to her darling boy :
And the girl I loved best
On my wild, throbbing breast
Hid her thousand treasures, with a cry of joy.

Songs and Ballads

I'D ROAM THE WORLD OVER WITH YOU

" I'd roam the world over and over with you,
O, Swan-neck, and Lark-voice, and Swallow-in-shoe,
My Violets and Lilies, and Rose without rue,
I'd roam the world over and over with you."

" If I roamed the world over, fond lover, with you,
And we met the rude mountains, now what should I do ? "
" They would smooth themselves straight at one stroke
of your shoe,
And I'd course their crests over and over with you."

" My fond, foolish lover, still roaming with you,
To cross the rough river now what should we do ? "
" To one great, shallow glass it would shrink from your
shoe
And admire, and admire, and admire you step through."

" But, ah ! if still roaming, rash lover, with you,
I reached the dread desert, say what could we do ? "
" Your breath of soft balm would the wilderness woo
To break into blossom so heavenly of hue,
That we'd rest at long last from our roaming, aroo ! "

MY LOVE'S AN ARBUTUS

My love's an arbutus
By the borders of Lene,
So slender and shapely
In her girdle of green ;

Love Songs

And I measure the pleasure
Of her eye's sapphire sheen
By the blue skies that sparkle
Through that soft branching screen.

But though ruddy the berry
And snowy the flower
That brighten together
The arbutus bower,
Perfuming and blooming
Through sunshine and shower,
Give *me* her bright lips
And her laugh's pearly dower.

Alas! fruit and blossom
Shall scatter the lea,
And Time's jealous fingers
Dim your young charms, machree.
But unchanging, unchanging,
You'll still cling to me,
Like the evergreen leaf
To the arbutus tree.

STILL SIDE BY SIDE

When at the altar
Together kneeling
To Heaven appealing,
My loving wife,

Songs and Ballads

Without one falter
Of faith, we plighted,
With hands united,
Our troth through life.
And now, though anguish
Our souls has smitten,
Sad records written
On cheek and brow ;
Doth our love languish ?
Ah, no ! but nearer,
Mavrone, and dearer
Our hearts beat now.

And though hereafter
Inconstant fortune
With cruel sporting
Our lot deride ;
Her mocking laughter
Can never grieve us,
If she but leave us
Still side by side.
That prayer be granted !
And closer leaning,
Each other screening
From ev'ry blast,
We'll face undaunted
Life's wintriest weather,
And fall together,
Love-linked, at last.

Love Songs

ROSE AND RUE

I was a maiden fair and fond,
Smiling, singing all the day ;
Till Maguire, with looks of fire,
He stole my heart away.
The gard'ner's son as he stood by
Blossoms four did give to me :
The pink, the rue, the violet blue,
And the red, red rosy tree.

Lass, for your lips the sweet clove pink,
For your eyes the violets blue ;
The rose to speak your damask cheek,
For memory the rue.
Oh, but my love at first was fond,
Now, alas, he's turned untrue,
My rose and pink and violet shrink,
But tears keep fresh my rue.

THE FALLING STAR

On my heaven he flashed, as the meteor star
Out of night will flame from afar
Ah ! how could I escape his spell ?
Deep, deep into my heart he fell
Ochone !

Songs and Ballads

I believed the stars that burn above
Shone less true than his eyes of love.
All their lamps beam on and on,
But, my falling star, thou art gone.
Ochone !

And a new love claims my fealty now,
Scant of speech and stern of brow.
Until death I own his claim,
Sorrow is my new love's name.
Ochone !

I ONCE LOVED A BOY

I once loved a boy, and a bold Irish boy,
Far away in the hills of the West ;
Ah ! the love of that boy was my jewel of joy
And I built him a bower in my breast,
In my breast ;
And I built him a bower in my breast.

I once loved a boy, and I trusted him true,
And I built him a bower in my breast ;
But away, wirrasthru ! the rover he flew,
And robbed my poor heart of its rest,
Of its rest ;
And robbed my poor heart of its rest.

Love Songs

The spring-time returns, and the sweet speckled thrush
Murmurs soft to his mate on her nest,
But forever there's fallen a sorrowful hush
O'er the bower that I built in my breast,
In my breast—
O'er the desolate bower in my breast.

THE WHITE BLOSSOM'S OFF THE BOG

The white blossom's off the bog, and the leaves are off the
trees,
And the singing birds have scattered across the stormy seas;
And, oh ! 'tis winter,
Wild, wild winter !
With the lonesome wind sighing for ever through the trees.
How green the leaves were springing ! how glad the birds
were singing !
When I rested in the meadow with my head on Patrick's
knees ;
And, oh ! 'twas spring time,
Sweet, sweet spring time !
With the daisies all dancing before me in the breeze.
With the spring the fresh leaves they'll laugh upon the trees,
And the birds they'll flutter back with their songs across
the seas,
But I'll never rest again with my head on Patrick's knees ;
And for me 'twill be winter,
All the year winter,
With the lonesome wind sighing for ever through the trees.

Songs and Ballads

I MAYN'T OR I MAY

And will I answer you, when you come again ?
And have you a chance or two ? may be one in ten.
And will I think of you, when you're far away ?
That's according to my humour, I just mayn't or I may.

Do I feel more kind to you than I did before ?
We'll say inclined to you, p'r'aps a trifle more.
Make up my mind to you ? I can hardly guess.
If I couldn't, sure I shouldn't, no nor wouldn't say Yes !

And will I write to you, when you write to me ?
Give that delight to you ? only wait and see.
And will I think of you ? may be now and then.
But will you, won't you, will you, won't you soon be home
again ?

COME, SIT DOWN BESIDE ME

When first you came courting,
My own heart's delight,
I met you with sporting
And saucy despite ;
And of other fine fellows
I made you mad jealous,
When first you came courting,
My own heart's delight.

Love Songs

In turn then you tried me,
My own heart's delight,
For coldly you eyed me,
Or shrank from my sight ;
Or with Norah you chattered,
Or Flora you flattered,
Sitting close up beside me,
You rogue, you were right !

But sit down beside me,
My own heart's delight,
To comfort and guide me ;
I'm yours from to-night !
I've teased and I've vexed you,
I've pleased and perplexed you,
But sit down beside me,
We're one from to-night !

OH, MY GRIEF ! OH, MY GRIEF !

Oh, my grief, oh, my grief !
Oh, my grief all the morning !
Oh, my grief all the even !
Oh, my grief all the night !

Over flower, over leaf
Falls the shade of her scorning,
And darkens blue heaven
With its desolate blight.

Oh, wind, and oh, wind
Wailing over the forest,
With thee my sad spirit
Would fain wander forth !

Songs and Ballads

Thus all unconfined,
When sorrow was sorest,
I too should inherit
The strange, silent North.

More pure and more chaste,
Thou desolate Norland,
Than the South's sighing langours
In bowers rose-hung,
Thy wan, winter waste,
Thy still, solemn foreland,
Aurora's red angers
The white stars among.

MAUREEN, MAUREEN

Oh ! Maureen, Maureen, have you forgotten
The fond confession that you made to me,
While round us fluttered the white bog cotton,
And o'er us waved the wild arbutus tree ?
Like bits of sky bo-peeping through the bower,
No sooner were your blue eyes sought than flown,
Till, white and fluttering as the cotton flower,
Your slender hand it slipped into my own.

Oh ! Maureen, Maureen, do you remember
The faithful promise that you pledged to me
The night we parted in black December
Beneath the tempest-tossed arbutus tree,

Love Songs

When faster than the drops from heaven flowing,
Your heavy tears they showered with ceaseless start;
And wilder than the storm-wind round us blowing,
Your bitter sobs they smote upon my heart ?

Oh ! Maureen, Maureen, for your love only
I left my father and mother dear ;
Within the churchyard they're lying lonely,
'Tis from their tombstone I've travelled here.
Their only son, you sent me o'er the billow,
Ochone ! though kneeling they implored me stay ;
They sickened, with no child to smooth their pillow ;
They died. Are you as dead to me as they ?

Oh ! Maureen, must then the love I bore you—
Seven lonesome summers of longing trust—
Turn like the fortune I've gathered for you,
Like treacherous fairy treasure, all to dust ;
But, Maureen, bawn asthore, your proud lips quiver ;
Into your scornful eyes the tears they start ;
Your rebel hand returns to mine for ever ;
Oh ! Maureen, Maureen, never more we'll part.

IN REASON'S DESPITE

Because when the moon shed a lustre divine,
For one magical moment her spirit met mine ;
And to-day she went by
With a laugh in her eye,
Yet no soft look of promise, what quarrel have I ?



Songs and Ballads

I might just as well blame a beautiful star
For flashing her spell over earth from afar,
And then speeding on through the shadowy night
To some orb beyond ours her pure message of light.

Or, because, when I've sought the Queen Rose on her
 throne
A chance breeze has caught her sweet breath to my
 own,

 If that exquisite scent
 By the breeze is besprent
For another's delight, shall I show discontent?
Still in reason's despite, at my heart there's a hope,
As frail yet as bright as the gossamer rope,
That shall float up to thee from life's dull prison bars,
My Rose of all roses, my Star of all stars!

LOVE AT MY HEART

Love at my heart came knocking!
Ah! but with bitter mocking
 I said him No!
 Bowed and bade him go
 Far, far away, heigho!

Ah! but when Love lay bleeding,
Pity, to scorn succeeding,
 Turned cold disdain
 Into poignant pain,
 Till I too loved again.

Love Songs

Now love despised is dearest,
Now love neglected nearest ;
Now late and soon,
Under sun and moon,
O, heart o' mine, keep Love's tune !

LOVE BALLADS

THE ROSE-TREE IN FULL BEARING

O rose-tree in full bearing,
When rude storms had stripped the bowers,
How oft, with thee despairing,
I've sighed through the long dark hours !
Till Spring, so hard of wooing,
Hope's own green spell upon thee cast,
And Kate, her coldness rueing,
With sweet pity turned at last.
Then April smiled to cheer us,
Or mocked grief with golden rain,
While Kate drew laughing near us,
Or frowned past with dear disdain ;
'Till, was it yester even ?—
Beneath thy faint red flowers divine,
With Love's one star in heaven,
Her lips leant at last to mine !
And when I fondly told her,
O Rose, all our stormy grief ;
And how my hope grew bolder
With thy every opening leaf ;
She answered, " For so sharing,
Dear heart, Love's weary winter hour,
The Rose-tree in full bearing
Shall build us our summer bower."

Love Ballads

THE SAILOR'S BRIDE

And is he coming home to-day
Who all these years has ranged ?
And will he be the same to me,
Although I so have changed.
The same again, the same as when
At first he courting came,
And looked me through with eyes so blue—
Ah, will he be the same ?

I would have dressed in all my best ;
He'd have me wear my worst—
The faded gown of homespun brown
In which I met him first.
My woman's heart would have me smart ;
I'm but a woman still.
Yet bide, gay gown, come, old one, down ;
Let Donal have his will.

"The Southern Star" has fetched the Bar,
She's signalled from the land.
Quick, little Donal, to my arms !
Now on my shoulder stand !
There, there she sails ! He's at the rails !
For joy my eyes run o'er.
Wave, little lad, to your own dad !
Aye, 'tis himself once more.

Songs and Ballads

THE BLACKBIRD AND THE THRUSH

(Adapted)

One evening as I walkéd
Down by a green bush,
I heard two birds whistling,
'Twas the blackbird and thrush ;
I asked them the reason
They were so merrie,
And in answer they sang back to me,
" We are single and free."

Next morning as that green bush
I passed all alone,
Two thrushes piped out of it,
The blackbird was flown ;
I asked them the reason
Their hearts were so gay,
It was joyfully they answered me,
" We have mated to-day."

One morrow little after
That bush I went by,
When o'er me most piteously
I heard my thrush cry ;
I asked why such sorrow
He poured from the tree,
And he answered, " 'Tis the blackbird
Has my love stolen from me."

Love Ballads

Oh, freedom it is pleasant,
Love returned is delight !
But a lover deserted
Must mourn noon and night.
Break my house, take my goods,
I can gather fresh gain ;
But love's ruined bower
Who shall build up again ?

FOR I HAD A SPIRIT ABOVE MY DEGREE ✕

With the lark up above, the Lent lilies below,
Young Owen came courting, I could not say No !
But because I was poor and of humble degree,
His proud parents parted my Owen and me.

Had he only stood firm, I'd have waited for years ;
But Owen gave way ; so I forced back my tears,
And wed Hugh O'Donnell, long hopeless of me,
For I had a spirit above my degree.

But the sweet old croonawns evermore, evermore,
Owen whistled and sang as he went by our door ;
Yet I never looked out my old sweetheart to see ;
For I had a spirit above my degree.

For comfort, for comfort, I cried and I prayed,
Even while my sweet babe in my bosom was laid ;
But when in my face he laughed up from my knee,
Sweet comfort, sweet comfort it came back to me.

Songs and Ballads

Till one day to a knock when I pushed back the pin,
All dressed in his best, my poor Owen ran in,
And "Oonagh, make haste, dear, make haste, dear,"
cried he,
"For the chapel's full up our fine wedding to see."

I looked in his eyes and I saw they were wild,
With the sweet old croonawns his mood I beguiled,
Till his heart-broken father came over the lea
With the keepers and took him still crying for me.

My good man is gone, but God has been kind ;
My sons they are steady, my girls of my mind ;
My prayers for my lost ones rise fervent and free,
And between their two graves there's one waiting for me.

MY GARDEN AT THE BACK

When I came o'er from old Rosstrevor
Here to London town,
A lonesome spell upon me fell
For Kate and County Down.
'Twas gloomy toil for her glad smile,
Grey stone for grassy track ;
Till I took heart at last to start
A garden at the back.

Love Ballads

With country mould, at morn and eve,
Still I piled my plot ;
Then sow'd and set musk, mignonette,
Pink, rose, forget-me-not.
Till bees they flew from out the blue,
And butterflies they'd tack,
O blessed hour, from flow'r to flow'r
Of my garden at the back.

Then when I'd but the Christmas rose
To end the flow'ry race,
Around the corner came my scorner
With a sadden'd face.
The cause to guess of her distress
For sure I was not slack,
And now her eyes make Paradise
Of my garden at the back.

MY HEART'S IN INNISHOWEN

(Adapted)

The blackbird he was piping loud
From off the lilac tree,
And there was not a single cloud
In all the North Countree.
When down there stepped a bonny bride,
Still sweeter than the Spring ;
And at Greencastle Ferryside
'Twas thus I heard her sing :

Songs and Ballads

“ Oh, Magilligan ’s a pretty place,
And that full well is known ;
Yet I am going to leave you all
And live in Innishowen ;
Where every maid goes neat and trig,
Whatever her degree.
For of all the parts of Ireland
Sweet Innishowen for me !

“ And if you ask why I’ve forsook
My lovely native strand,
Then at my left third finger look
And you will understand.
For sure a maid must follow him
Whose ring’s upon it shown ;
So though my eyes for you are dim,
My heart’s in Innishowen ! ”

THE SONG OF THE GHOST

When all were dreaming but Pastheen Power,
A light came streaming beneath her bower,
A heavy foot at her door delayed,
A heavy hand on the latch was laid.

“ Now who dare venture at this dark hour,
Unbid to enter my maiden bower ? ”
“ Dear Pastheen, open the door to me,
And your true lover you’ll surely see.”

Love Ballads

" My own true lover, so tall and brave,
Lives exiled over the angry wave."

" Your true love's body lies on the bier,
His faithful spirit is with you here."

" His look was cheerful, his voice was gay ;
Your speech is fearful, your face is grey ;
And sad and sunken your eye of blue,
But Patrick, Patrick, alas ! 'tis you."

Ere dawn was breaking she heard below
The two cocks shaking their wings to crow.
" O hush you, hush you, both red and grey,
Or you will hurry my love away."

" O ! hush your crowing, both grey and red,
Or he'll be going to join the dead ;
O cease from calling his ghost to the mould,
And I'll come crowning your combs with gold."

When all were dreaming but Pastheen Power,
A light went streaming from out her bower,
And on the morrow when they awoke,
They knew that sorrow her heart had broke.

THE KERRY COW

" O what are you seekin', my pretty colleen,
So sadly, tell me now ? "
" O'er mountain and plain I'm seekin' in vain,
Kind sir, for my Kerry cow."

Songs and Ballads

"Is she black as the night, with a star of white
Above her bonny brow ?

And as clever to clear the dykes as a deer ? "

"That's just my own Kerry cow."

"Then cast your eye into that field of wheat ;
She's there as large as life ! "

"My bitter disgrace ! howe'er shall I face
The farmer and his wife ? "

"Since the farmer's unwed, you've no cause for dread
From his wife, you must allow ;

And for kisses three—'tis myself is he—

The farmer will free your cow."

HEY HO, THE MORNING DEW

(Adapted)

My father bought at great expense

A grand high stepping grey,

But when he puts her at a fence

She backs and backs away.

Sing Hey ho, the morning dew !

Hey ho, the rose and rue !

Follow me, my bonny lad,

For I'll not follow you !

My mother bought a likely hen

On last St. Martin's day :

She clucks and clucks and clucks again,

But never yet will lay.

Love Ballads

Sing Hey ho, the morning dew !
Hey ho, the rose and rue !
Follow me, my bonny lad,
For I'll not follow you !

O, Mustard is my brother's dog,
Who whines and wags his tail,
And snuffs into the market bag,
But dar' not snatch the meal.
Sing Hey ho, the morning dew !
Hey ho, the rose and rue !
Follow me, my bonny lad,
For I'll not follow you !

When walls lie down for steeds to step,
When eggs themselves go lay,
And the groats jump into Mustard's jaws,
To you my court I'll pay !
Sing Hey ho, the morning dew !
Hey ho, the rose and rue !
Follow me, my bonny lad,
For I'll not follow you !

THE BLACKBIRD AND THE WREN

(Adapted)

Once the blackbird called unto the solemn crow,
"Oh, why do you for ever in mourning go ?"
Quoth the crow, "I lost my own true love, alack !
And thereafter for ever I go all in black."

Songs and Ballads

Then the blackbird sighed from out the sally bush,
"Once I, too, fell courting a fair young thrush.
Oh, but she deceived and grieved me, Oh, but she turned
false, false O.
And ever since in mourning I go!"

Last the little wren he piped, "If we were men,
We could find us sweethearts, eight, nine and ten.
Then if one grew cold or turned unfaithful, O,
It is off to another we each could go."
"Perhaps," replied the crow, "that plan of yours might
work
If we were living in the land of the Turk.
But the Colleens of Coleraine still are free to give us pain,
And so, my friends, in feathers we'll remain."

THE STRATAGEM

Who'd win a heart must learn the art
To hide what he's about.
When Kate I met, too soon I let
My loving secret out.
In vain I'd sigh, in vain I'd try
Each trick of eye or speech;
Advance, retire, neglect, admire,
The rogue I could not reach.
Then I grew warm and in a storm
Against her out I blew,
But she stood fast before my blast
And raging I withdrew.

Love Ballads

Then I began a different plan ;
I went to Rose Maguire,
Who'd had her scene with Con Mulqueen,
And asked her to conspire.
Says she, " Avick, we'll try the trick,"
And so we shammed sweethearts,
Till Con grew vexed and Kate perplexed,
So well we played our parts :
And when we found them turning round
The very way we wanted,
Our stratagem we owned to them
And got our pardon granted.

THE LITTLE RED LARK

Oh, swan of slenderness, dove of tenderness,
Jewel of joys, arise !
The little red lark like a rosy spark
Of song to his sunburst flies.
But till thou art risen, earth is a prison
Full of my lonesome sighs ;
Then awake and discover to thy fond lover
The morn of thy matchless eyes.
The dawn is dark to me ; hark ! oh, hark to me,
Pulse of my heart, I pray !
And out of thy hiding with blushes gliding,
Dazzle me with thy day.
Ah, then, once more to thee flying, I'll pour to thee
Passion so sweet and gay,
The lark shall listen and dewdrops glisten,
Laughing on every spray.

LULLABIES

HUSH O!

I would hush my lovely laddo,
In the green arbutus' shadow,
O'er the fragrant, flowering meadow,
In the smiling spring-time.
Shoheen sho lo,
Shoheen hoo lo!

I'd hush my boy beside the fountain,
By the soothing, silvery fountain,
On the pleasant, purple mountain,
In the sultry summer.
Shoheen sho lo,
Shoheen hoo lo!

I would smooth my darling's pillow,
By the blue Atlantic billow,
On the shores of Parknasilla,
In the golden autumn.
Shoheen sho lo,
Shoheen hoo lo!

Lullabies

I would soothe my child to slumber,
By the rosy, rustling ember,
Through the days of dark December,
In the stormy winter.

*Shoheen sho lo,
Shoheen hoo lo !*

May no cruel fairy charm thee !
May no dread banshee alarm thee !
Flood, nor fire, nor sickness harm thee !

Winter, spring, and summer—
Summer, autumn, winter,

*Shoheen sho lo,
Shoheen hoo lo !*

THE HOOD HAMMOCK

Though the way be long and weary
Over mountain, under wood,
Mother will never mind it, deary,
With you hammocked in her hood.

Hush ! my honey ! See, my sonny,
How from off the Autumn trees
Sparkling showers of fairy money
Fall and flutter in the breeze !

Hush ! the Queen bee to her levee,
Buzz-a-buzz ! with humming sport,
From the blossoms in a bevy
Calls her golden glancing court.

Songs and Ballads

Hark! the cushats without number
In the tree-tops o'er our track
"Coo-a-coo!" to smiling slumber
Coax the boyo on my back.

Shoheen sho ho! lulla lo lo!
Safe from sight and sound of harm,
Dream till daddy lifts his laddy
Laughing up upon his arm.
Dream! Dream!

UNDER THE ARBUTUS

In the green arbutus shadow
On the lovely banks of Loune,
I would rock my laughing laddo
In his cradle up and down;
Up and down, and to and fro,
Singing lulla, lulla lo!

Soft cloud fleeces, floating o'er us,
Curtain up the staring sun!
Pretty birds, in loving chorus,
Pipe around my precious one!
Pipe your softest shoheen sho,
Tirra lirra! lulla lo!

See! the sky to brightest blossom
Flowers within the furthest West,
And the babe upon my bosom
Flushes with the rose of rest;
Whilst with magic light aglow
Loune gives back my lulla lo!

Lullabies

THE CRADLE OF GOLD

I'd rock my own sweet Childie to rest
In a cradle of gold on the bough of the willow,
To the shoheen ho! of the Wind of the West
And the lulla lo! of the blue sea billow.
Sleep, baby dear!
Sleep without fear!
Mother is here beside your pillow.

I'd put my own sweet Childie to float
In a silver boat on the beautiful river,
Where a shoheen! whisper the white cascades
And a lulla lo! the green flags shiver.
Sleep, baby dear!
Sleep without fear!
Mother is here with you for ever!

Shoheen ho! to the rise and fall
Of Mother's bosom, 'tis sleep has bound you!
And oh, my Child, what cosier nest
For rosier rest could love have found you?
Sleep, baby dear!
Sleep without fear!
Mother's two arms are close around you!

SONGS OF SPORT

THE FOX HUNT

(Adapted)

The first morning of March in the year '33,
There was frolic and fun in our own country :
The King's County hunt over meadows and rocks,
Most nobly set out in the search of a fox.

Hullahoo ! harkaway ! hullahoo ! harkaway !
Hullahoo ! harkaway, boys ! away, harkaway !

When they started bold Reynard he faced Tullamore,
Through Wicklow and Arklow along the seashore ;
There he brisked up his brush with a laugh, and says he,
“ 'Tis mighty refreshing, this breeze from the sea ! ”

Hullahoo ! harkaway ! hullahoo ! harkaway !
Hullahoo ! harkaway, boys ! away, harkaway !

With the hounds at his heels every inch of the way,
He led us by sunset right into Roscrea ;
Here he ran up a chimney and out of the top,
The rogue he cried out for the hunters to stop
From their loud harkaway ! hullahoo ! harkaway !
Hullahoo ! harkaway, boys ! away, harkaway !

“ 'Twas a long thirsty stretch since we left the seashore,
But, lads, here you've gallons of claret galore ;

Songs of Sport

Myself will make free just to slip out of view
And take a small pull at my own mountain dew."
 So no more hullahoo, hullahoo ! harkaway !
 Hullahoo ! harkaway, boys ! away, harkaway !

One hundred and twenty good sportsmen went down,
And sought him from Ballyland into B'lyboyne ;
We swore that we'd watch him the length of the night,
So Reynard, sly Reynard, lay hid till the light.
 Hullahoo ! hullahoo ! harkaway, harkaway !
 Hullahoo ! harkaway, boys ! away, harkaway !

But the hills they re-echoed right early next morn
With the cry of the hounds and the call of the horn,
And in spite of his action, his craft, and his skill,
Our fine fox was taken on top of the hill.
 Hullahoo ! harkaway ! hullahoo ! harkaway !
 Hullahoo ! harkaway, boys ! away, harkaway !

When Reynard he knew that his death was so nigh,
For pen, ink, and paper he called with a sigh ;
And all his dear wishes on earth to fulfil,
With these few dying words he declared his last will.
 While we ceased harkaway ! hullahoo ! harkaway !
 Hullahoo ! harkaway, boys ! away, harkaway !

" Here's to you, Mr. Casey, my Curraghmore estate,
And to you, young O'Brien, my money and plate,
And to you, Thomas Dennihy, my whip, spurs and cap,
For no leap was so cross that you'd look for a gap."
 And of what he made mention they found it no
 blank,
 For he gave them a cheque on the National Bank.

Songs and Ballads

THE IRISH REEL

While ould Phelim o'er his fiddle
 Flourishes his famous bow,
Lad and lass along the middle
All salute and rank in row.

“Are yez full arranged and ready?”

 “Ready, Phelim, heart and heel!”

“Off then, all!” and, smart and steady,
 Twenty couple step the reel.

Whisper, Phelim, from the fairies
 Underneath the midnight moon
Leadin' up their light vagaries
 Have you stole that lovely tune?
Since each dancer's foot it follows
 Up and down the magic chime,
For the world like slender swallows
 Racin' in the meadow rime.

At the double, at the treble,
 How the lads they leap and slide,
Whilst the women wid their skimmin'
 Teach the very swans to glide.
Glancin' shyly, blushin' coyly,
 Arm to waist, around we wheel,
Boys, between us all and Venus,
 What could best our Irish Reel?
At the double, at the treble,
 We go dancin', heart and heel.
Boys, between us all and Venus,
 What could best our Irish Reel?

Songs of Sport

THE KILLARNEY HUNT

The hunt is up ! and hound and pup
Are tunin' round Killarney ;
The hunt is out ! O there's a shout !
You'd hear it down to Blarney.
There goes the stag along the crag,
A Royal now, I warrant,
See how he sails across the rails
And flies the foaming torrent.

Away to Tork they wind and work,
Among the whorts and heather.
The scent's in doubt, now all are out,
Now, hark ! they're all together.
For old Jack Keogh he marked him go
And waved 'em with his wattle.
A full George crown they've thrown him down,
With that he'll moist his throttle.

A fine view spot up here we've got,
A fine mixed lot within it.
Like ould No'hs Ark, above the Park
We're packed this blessed minute.
The Parson's pasted to the Priest,
The farmer to the flunkey,
Between the fool upon his mule,
The cripple on his donkey.

Songs and Ballads

Yoicks ! tally ho ! now off they go !
See, there the stag is skimmin' !
He's through the brake, he's in the lake,
And after him they're swimmin'.
Their floatin' ranks are on his flanks,
They're closin' now behind him ;
He feels the land ! he's up the strand !
Now mind him ! oh, now mind him !

Hul-hullahoo ! they flash in view
Along the shinin' shingle,
In lengthenin' row they streamin' go,
Now with the shades they mingle ;
While underneath the evening star
A phantom hunt seems flyin',
Now swelling near, now falling far,
Now down the darkness dyin'.

SONGS OF OCCUPATION

HERRING IS KING

Let all the fish that swim the sea,
Salmon and turbot, cod and ling,
Bow down the head, and bend the knee
To herring, their king ! to herring, their king !
*Sing, Hugamar féin an sowra lin',
'Tis we have brought the summer in.*

The sun sank down so round and red
Upon the bay, upon the bay ;
The sails shook idle overhead,
Becalmed we lay, becalmed we lay ;
*Sing, Hugamar féin an sowra lin',
'Tis we have brought the summer in.*

Till Shawn, The Eagle, dropped on deck—
The bright-eyed boy, the bright-eyed boy ;
'Tis he has spied your silver track,
Herring, our joy—herring, our joy ;
*Sing, Hugamar féin an sowra lin',
'Tis we have brought the summer in.*

Songs and Ballads

It was in with the sails and away to shore,
With the rise and swing, the rise and swing
Of two stout lads at each smoking oar,
After herring, our king—herring, our king ;
*Sing, Hugamar féin an sowra lin',
'Tis we have brought the summer in.*

The Manx and the Cornish raised the shout,
And joined the chase, and joined the chase ;
But their fleets they fouled as they went about,
And we won the race, we won the race ;
*Sing, Hugamar féin an sowra lin',
'Tis we have brought the summer in.*

For we turned and faced you full to land,
Down the góleen long, the góleen long,
And, after you, slipped from strand to strand
Our nets so strong, our nets so strong ;
*Sing, Hugamar féin an sowra lin',
'Tis we have brought the summer in.*

Then we called to our sweethearts and our wives,
“Come welcome us home, welcome us home!”
Till they ran to meet us for their lives.
Into the foam, into the foam ;
*Sing, Hugamar féin an sowra lin',
'Tis we have brought the summer in.*

Songs of Occupation

O the kissing of hands and waving of caps
From girl and boy, from girl and boy,
While you leapt by scores in the lasses' laps,
Herring, our pride and joy ;
*Sing, Hugamar fein an sowra lin',
'Tis we have brought the summer in.*

THE RIDDLE

A LOOBEEEN

The Girls—

Raise us a riddle as spinning we sit.

Bride—

P'r'aps I have one that your fancy will fit.

The Girls—

Come, then, advance it with all of your wit.

Bride—

Some have got the barley showin',
Some a purty patch of oats,
Others just the pratees growin',
With a mountain side for goats.
Come with me through meadows flow'ry
Up where furze and heather blow,
If my secret golden dowry,
Lasses, you would like to know.

Songs and Ballads

A Girl—

Surely hid treasure is in your head.

Bride—

Wrongly my riddle this time you have read.

The Girls—

Come, give us hold of a stronger thread.

Bride—

How is this my herds can utter
Of themselves the milk all day,
Churn and turn it into butter,
Faix! and firkin it safe away.
Kerry cows upon their brows
Bear a pair of branching horns;
But my kind they wear behind
Only one, like Unicorns.

A Girl—

Ah, then, your herds are the bees on the height.

Bride—

'Deed and this time you've guessed aright.

The Girls—

Pleasant the riddle you put us to-night.

Songs of Occupation

JACK, THE JOLLY PLOUGHBOY

(Adapted)

As Jack the jolly ploughboy was ploughing through his
land,
He turned his share and shouted to bid his horses stand,
Then down beside his team he sat, contented as a king,
And Jack he sang his song so sweet he made the mountains
ring

*With his Ta-ran-nan nanty na!
Sing Ta-ran-nan nanty na!
While the mountains all ringing re-echoed the singing
Of Ta-ran-nan nanty na!*

'Tis said old England's sailors, when wintry tempests roar,
Will plough the stormy waters, and pray for those on
shore;
But through the angry winter the share, the share for me,
To drive a steady furrow, and pray for those at sea.

With my Ta-ran-nan nanty na! &c.

When heaven above is bluest, and earth most green below,
Away from wife and sweetheart the fisherman must go;
But golden seed I'll scatter beside the girl I love,
And smile to hear the cuckoo, and sigh to hear the dove.

With my Ta-ran-nan nanty na! &c.

Songs and Ballads

'Tis oft the hardy fishers a scanty harvest earn,
And gallant tars from glory on wooden legs return,
But a bursting crop for ever shall dance before my flail ;
For I'll live and die a farmer all in the Golden Vale.

*With my Ta-ran-nan nanty na !
Sing Ta-ran-nan nanty na !
While the mountains all ringing re-echo the singing
Of my Ta-ran-nan nanty na !*

SPINNING-WHEEL SONG

Once my wheel ran cheerily round,
Ran cheerily round from day to day,
But now it drags how wearily round ;
For Owen's gone away.
Once I spun soft carolling O,
Soft carolling O ! from morn to eve,
But since we started quarrelling, oh !
'Tis silently I weave.

Has he joined Sir Arthur, ochone !
Sir Arthur, ochone ! to fight the French ?
Though he was rude, I'd rather, ochone !
He joined me on this bench.
Hush ! he's been deluthering you,
Deluthering you with swords and drums,
And now I think 'tis soothing you,
'Tis soothing you, he comes.

Songs of Occupation

THE SONG OF THE PRATEE

When, after the Winter alarmin',
The Spring steps in so charmin',
 So fresh and arch
 In the middle of March,
Wid her hand St. Patrick's arm on ;
Let us all, let us all be goin',
Agra, to assist at your sowin',
 The girls to spread
 Your iligant bed,
And the boys to set the hoe in.

*Then good speed to your seed ! God's grace and increase.
Never more in our need may you blacken wid the blight ;
But when Summer is o'er, in our gardens, astore,
May the fruit at your root fill our bosoms wid delight.*

So rest and sleep, my jewel,
Safe from the tempest cruel ;
 Till violets spring
 And skylarks sing
From Mourne to Carran Tual.
Then wake and build your bower
Through April sun and shower,
 To bless the earth
 That gave you birth,
Through many a sultry hour.

*Then good luck to your leaf. And ochone, ologone,
Never more to our grief may it blacken wid the blight,
But when Summer is o'er, in our gardens, astore,
May the fruit at your root fill our bosoms wid delight.*

Songs and Ballads

Thus smile with glad increasin',
Till to St. John we're raisin'
Through Erin's isle
The pleasant pile
That sets the bonfire blazin'.
O 'tis then that the Midsummer fairy,
Abroad on his sly vagary,
Wid purple and white,
As he passes by night,
Your emerald leaf shall vary.

*Then more power to your flower, and your merry green leaf !
Never more to our grief may they blacken wid the blight ;
But when Summer is o'er, in our gardens, astore,
May the fruit at your root fill our bosoms wid delight.*

And once again, Mavourneen,
Some mellow Autumn mornin',
At red sunrise
Both girls and boys
To your garden ridge we're turnin',
Then under your foliage fadin'
Each man of us sets his spade in,
While the colleen bawn
Her brown kishane
Full up wid your fruit is ladin'.

*Then good luck to your leaf ! More power to your flower !
Never more to our grief may they blacken wid the blight ;
But when Summer is o'er, in our gardens, astore,
May the fruit at your root fill our bosoms wid delight.*

Songs of Occupation

THE PLOUGHMAN'S WHISTLE

O'er thistle, darnel, dock,
With straining flank and hock,
Our handsome honest horses
They keep to their courses
As constant as the chapel clock, O !
And straight as curraghs glide
Across the crystal tide,
Our plough, our plough we guide,
A-fluting, merrily fluting, O !

And while the wholesome soil
Heaves up beneath our toil,
Like sudden airy arrows,
See, see how the sparrows
And finches pounce upon their spoil, O !
While rook and starling shy,
Hang flutt'ring in the sky,
Afeard till we go by,
Afluting, merrily fluting, O !

Let others care their kine,
The ploughman's lot be mine,
Through good and ill to follow
The share's faugh-a-balleach,

Songs and Ballads

And never cut one crooked line, O !
Old time may dip his plough
Still deeper in my brow,
But cheerfully as now
I'll flute, I'll flute my carol, O !

THE MILL SONG

Corn is a-sowing
Over the hill,
The stream is a-flowing,
Round goes the mill.

*Winding and grinding,
Round goes the mill ;
Winding and grinding
Should never stand still.
The hands that are strongest
Are welcome here,
And those that work longest
Earn the best cheer.*

The green corn is hinting
Over the hill,
Lasses tormenting
The lads to their fill.

Winding and grinding, &c.

Songs of Occupation

The gold corn is glinting
Over the hill ;
Lasses consenting,
Lads have their will.

Winding and grinding, &c.

Corn is a-carrying
Into the mill ;
Young folk are marrying
Over the hill.

Winding and grinding, &c.

From the hands of the shaker
Again goes the corn,
The old to God's acre
Gently are borne.

Winding and grinding, &c.

The green corn is glistening
Once more with the spring ;
Children are christening,
Glad mothers sing.

Winding and grinding, &c.

Songs and Ballads

Thus our life runs around,
Like the mill with its corn.
Young folk are marrying,
Old folk are burying,
Young folk are born.

*Winding and grinding,
Round goes the mill ;
Winding and grinding
Should never stand still.
The hands that are strongest
Are welcome here,
And they that work longest
Earn the best cheer.*

THE OLD COUNTRY

SWEET ISLE

Sweet Isle, O how our hearts upleap
Once more to mark thee mount the deep,
 Unfolding still to greet our gaze
 Haunt after haunt of blessed by-gone days.

Blue hill-sides oft in boyhood climbed,
Lanes where we courted, roamed and rhymed,
 Our hurling green, our dancing ground,
 Each dear old cottage ranging round.

And now, sweet Isle, we near thy shore ;
Young hands wave welcome, old eyes run o'er ;
 Till loving arms at long, long last
 Have fondly folded their exile fast !

THE CUCKOO MADRIGAL

Cuckoo ! cuckoo !
 Our joyful rover,
 At last you're over
The Ocean blue,



Songs and Ballads

And once again
All ears shall listen,
All eyes shall glisten
At your glad strain,
O yellow-throated,
Mellow-noted
Minstrel !

Cuckoo ! cuckoo !
'Twas only sorrow
Made dark each morrow
The winter through ;
And till your voice
Awoke to cheer us,
None, none came near us
To cry " Rejoice ! "
O yellow-throated,
Mellow-noted
Minstrel !

Cuckoo ! cuckoo !
How lad and maiden
Love ambuscading
In search of you !
But far and near
Ventriloquising,
With art surprising
You mock the ear ;
Till, airy elf,
'Tis Echo's self
They call you.

The Old Country

Cuckoo ! cuckoo !
At dawn upspringing,
We hear you ringing
Your joy-bell true.
The livelong day,
Its magic measure
Peals perfect pleasure,
Then dies away,
In far off whispers
Thro' our vespers
Stealing.

O BLESSED HOUR

The frowning winter's past,
O blessed, blessed hour !
And leaves of hope at last
Laugh out from bank and bower
The thorn that darkly sighed
Is decked in bridal May,
The sullen, sweeping tide
Runs sparkling on its way,
And bonny birds
Their loving words
Pipe forth from spray to spray.

The meadows, long so dumb
Beneath the aching frost,
With bees are all a-hum,
With cowslips all embossed

Songs and Ballads

And butterflies they glance
From nodding flower to flower
To join the jewel dance;
O blessed, blessed hour!
While pairing birds
Their warbled words
Through all the woodland shower.

THE LIMERICK LASSES

At every pleasant party,
Whoe'er the host, he gave a toast,
When we were young and hearty,
That ever pleased us lads the most.
'Twas—" Friends, fill up your glasses
Until they brim and bubble o'er,
Here's to our Limerick lasses!
Of Womanhood the cream and core."

Ere long we heard from Mar's field
The mighty battle trumpet blown,
And off with gallant Sarsfield
" Wild Geese " we all to France were flown—
Attacked and then attacking,
The one brigade no foe could break,
And ever bivouacking
On fresh fields won for Ireland's sake,
With " Comrades, charge your glasses
Until they brim and bubble o'er:
Here's our own Limerick lasses!
Of Womankind the cream and core."

The Old Country

And now we're back from glory,
Huzzaing into Limerick town—
Each soldier tells his story
And with his sweetheart settles down ;
For all the sighs and glances
Of donna or of demoiselle
Ne'er fooled away our fancies
From those we've loved so long and well.
Then, boys, fill up your glasses
Until they're brimming o'er and o'er,
Here's to our Limerick lasses !
With three times three and one cheer more.

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF SLIGO

We may tramp the earth for all that we're worth,
But what odds where you and I go ?
We shall never meet a spot so sweet
As the beautiful City of Sligo.

*Oh, sure she's a Queen in purple and green,
As she shimmers and glimmers her gardens between ;
And away to Lough Lene the like isn't seen
Of her river a-quiver with shadow and sheen,
The beautiful City of Sligo.*

Though bustle and noise are some folks' joys,
Your London just gives me ver-ti-go ;
You can hear yourself talk when out you walk
Thro' the beautiful City of Sligo.

Songs and Ballads

*Oh, sure she's a Queen in purple and green,
As she shimmers and glimmers her gardens between ;
And away to Lough Lene the like isn't seen
Of her river a-quiver with shadow and sheen,
The beautiful City of Sligo.*

As an artist in stones a genius was Jones,
Whom so queerly they christened In-i-go,
But he hadn't the skill to carve a Grass Hill
For the beautiful City of Sligo.

*Oh, sure she's a Queen in purple and green,
As she shimmers and glimmers her gardens between ;
And away to Lough Lene the like isn't seen
Of her river a-quiver with shadow and sheen,
The beautiful City of Sligo.*

Then for powder and puff and cosmetrical stuff,
Dear girls, to Dame Fashion, ah ! why go ?
When Dame Nature supplies for tresses and eyes
Such superior dyes down in Sligo.

*Oh, sure she's a Queen in purple and green,
As she shimmers and glimmers her gardens between ;
And away to Lough Lene the like isn't seen
Of her river a-quiver with shadow and sheen,
The beautiful City of Sligo*

The Old Country

MY BLACKBIRD AND I

(Suggested by a touching episode in the late Michael Davitt's life in Portland Gaol in 1881, recorded by him in his *Leaves from a Prison Diary*.)

When first you came to me,
And so little you knew me
That from me you struggled
 With wild beating breast,
Red sun-rays up-jetting
On fire seemed setting
The wavering woodland
 Where once was your nest—
Then, my own dawning blackbird,
The tears my eyes blinded,
As my heart was reminded
 How, a child, long ago
With strangers I shivered,
While the cruel flames quivered
Through our kindly old roof-tree
 In lovely Mayo.

That thought, trembling blackbird,
To my bosom endeared you,
And ever I cheered you
 Till so friendly we grew

Songs and Ballads

That together we'd forage
At the one plate of porridge,
And from out the same pitcher
 Be both sipping too.
Then so sweetly you'd chuckle
From off of my knuckle,
That, my tired eyes closing
 To drink in the sound,
By its glad spell uplifted
From my sad cell I drifted
To the joyful enchantment
 Of green Irish ground.

Now below, blessed hour !
Even my grey prison's bower
Is laughing with flower
 In the eye of the sun ;
Rude cliffs throw soft shadows
On green ocean meadows,
And the homesteads of free men
 Shine out one by one.
O who could keep captives
In solitude pining,
With such a sun shining,
 Such bliss in the blue ?
I lingered and lingered,
And then trembling-fingered
I opened your cage door,
 And from me you flew.

The Old Country

THE EXILES

O ! if for ev'ry tender tear
That from our aching exiled eyes
Has fallen for you, Erin dear,
Our own loved Shamrocks could arise,
They'd weave and weave a garland green,
To stretch the cruel ocean through,
All, all the weary way between
Our yearning Irish hearts and you.

And oh ! if ev'ry patriot prayer,
Put forth for your sad sake to God,
Could in one cloud of incense rare
Be lifted o'er your lovely sod,
That cloud would curtain all the skies
That far and near your fairness cope,
Until upon its arch of sighs
There beamed Heav'ns rainbow smile of hope.



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